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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Semi-serious Observations of an Italian Exile, during his residence in England.* By Count Pecchio. London, 1833. Effingham Wilson; Dublin, Wakeman; Edinb. Waugh and Innes.

COUNT PECCHIO, an accomplished Italian, and a writer of well-known talent, who has resided a considerable time in England, and married an English wife, has in this volume favoured us with his observations upon many particulars in our national character. Having made Italy, and afterwards Spain, too hot to hold him, he looks, from his agreeable home at Brighton, with much complacency on our customs, manners, and institutions. England, illumined by the spirit of liberty, very naturally appears to such a man *couleur de rose*; for liberty, hardly prized enough by those who have enjoyed it from their cradle, brightens every object to the exile driven from his native land in consequence of his fervent love of freedom. If, therefore, Count Pecchio is fully as favourable to us as we deserve, it at least proceeds from a generous feeling, and a noble motive; and we can readily balance the flattering unctious, by the censures and abuse so liberally bestowed upon us by many other foreign authors of the Monsieur Pillet school.

In his preface, the count confesses that his work is one of mere sketches, not entering into competition with De Pradt on our politics, or with Dupin on our statistics, or with Cottin on our judicial administration, or with Washington Irving on our national manners. Is it not curious that all these references concerning us should be to foreign writers, as if we had no equal authorities belonging to ourselves? and, in truth, it would be difficult to quote them!!

The volume begins with a fanciful essay on the effects of our being sunless. Out of this deficiency, it seems, arises our fireside habits, our inferiority in the fine arts, our industry, &c. &c.; much of which is moonshine. Owing to the celestial want, our people are very much attached to terrestrial ornaments.

"The nation altogether has a particular love for trees and flowers. The lord has in his parks oaks of a thousand years' growth, untouched by the axe—hot-houses full of exotic plants, exquisite fruits, and the rarest flowers; there is not a cottage in England which has not before it a little piece of ground for the cultivation of flowers; and even the poor town-imprisoned artisan works at his loom in sight of pots of flowers, placed on the window-sill (with a mind no less generous than my lord's), in order that the passengers also may enjoy the sight of them. The love of flowers is in itself a great sign of civilisation. From time immemorial there have existed in England footpaths for general use across the fields belonging to private individuals. Some years ago the landowners, every where insatiable, endeavoured to close these footways, and deprive the public of the healthful and innocent recreation of walk-

ing in them. What was the consequence? In almost every county a society has been formed for defending the rights and recreations of the people. This will sufficiently shew how nearly the people have their rights at heart, and how dearly they love their rural walks."

The generalising of the Richmond footpath case, and, at most, two others into the operations of county societies, is a striking proof of the fallacies into which even observant travellers are apt to fall. What then can be expected from post-haste tourists? Our next extract relates to the public journals.

"The Sunday papers, and the frequent public meetings which the mechanics attend, and where the most eloquent speakers address the multitude on public affairs, are an aliment and a stimulus to their minds. Mr. Hume, in the House of Commons, on the 13th December 1826, declared that the stamp-duty on newspapers was far too heavy in England. In the United States, the population of which is little more than half that of Great Britain, there are 590 newspapers; while in Great Britain, on account of the weight of the taxes, there are no more than 484. He gave notice, after these details, that he should move for a reduction of the duty, at least on those weekly papers which are chiefly intended for the working classes. Mr. Brougham, who is ambitious of making that popular instruction he has so wonderfully promoted a durable monument to his name, with his accustomed eloquence, seconded the proposal. The influence that the press must exercise in a state where it is free, must (I would repeat it a thousand times) be incalculable. I will venture to say, that its influence must be greater than that of religion itself! It is from these fountains that public opinion springs forth; and this is alone sufficient to correct all the errors of legislation, and restrain all the abuses of power. It is a real panacea. The newspapers are the 'daily bread' of morning and evening to every Englishman."

Acknowledging the prodigious power thus ascribed to the press, it surely casts a fearful responsibility upon these organs of popular direction and stimulus. Would that we could join the author in his pæan of unqualified praise; but sorry are we to say, that the evils are often so great, as in many minds almost to outweigh the weight of the good. Among other reforms, society could receive no greater benefit than a reform of the press—of its falsehoods, personalities, misrepresentations, and licentiousness. This can only be brought about by itself, and by those branches where honour and principle, and gentlemanlike feeling, inform the publications with a spirit which should belong to all. But the worthy and respectable shrink from collision with the mean and black-guard—the timid play their game—the profligate abet their infamy—and the country is disgraced and injured by their mal-practices. When these troubled times have subsided into comparative quietude, we trust to see our periodical press far more deserving of Count Pecchio's panegyric, to which at present it is only

entitled by the grand fundamental and essential quality of being, how much soever partially abused, a bulwark against wrong and oppression.

Another important consideration is suggested by the quotation we have just made, viz. the comparison between the English and American newspapers. Surely numbers have little to do with a judgment upon the value and utility of the press. Fifty bad or inferior journals are not only not worth one good and intelligent one, but are calculated to do mischief in proportion to their amount of circulation, while the other improves its human sphere. There are not a dozen of newspapers in the United States which display either political or literary talent. The rest are merely advertising vehicles, hot partisans of particular persons or interests, or compilations of the poorest description. Were there ten thousand such, a single sheet in extensive popularity, conducted with ability and honesty of purpose, and true patriotism, were infinitely to be preferred to the indifferent mass. And this greatly affects a question now at issue in England; whether it would be advantageous to throw open the flood-gates of opinion to every adventurer who might wish to obtain notoriety, seek emolument, or push his self-interests by publishing a periodical. The taxes on knowledge is a very *ad captandum* repeal to call for; but in lightening Knowledge of her burdens (and we doubt, from the experience of what we see all around us, that they are so depressingly heavy), do not we run a sad risk of swamping her altogether by the influx of pseudo-knowledge—of depravity ministering to bad passions—of delusion—of inferiority poured through every channel by which mankind can be rendered wiser and happier? A press without character or responsibility, requiring neither property to commence, nor reputation to support it, may indeed boast of being free and unrestricted; but lamentable as are the proofs which now exist of its debasement, we should, we truly fear, soon have to look back upon its present day, as one of virtue, elevation, and social blessing.

Connected with this subject, and quite opposed to his views upon it, are the author's remarks on education.

"Of all civilised people, the English are the least removed from nature. I am not, however, a blind admirer of every thing done in this country. There are two things in the present system of education I cannot approve. First, the excess of reading. When Rousseau wrote his *Emile*, there was much less reading in England—perhaps too little: now there is too much. There is now such an inundation of poetry, novels, romances, and literary journals, that many minds must be stifled under it. At three years of age intellectual education commences: at the *infant schools*, the baby has already before his eyes the elements of several sciences. Then come fables and little histories; then Latin, Greek, and history, mingled with voyages and travels.

romances and magazines without end. The mind has no time to digest this incessant food: a new novel drives from the recollection that of the preceding week, as a new wave presses upon and destroys its predecessor. Several times I chanced to ask some youth the plot of a romance he had read a few months before,—he had no more than a slight indistinct recollection of it, as one has of a dream. A more certain inconvenience of this ceaseless reading is weakness of sight, which is very common in England. I cannot prove that my judgment on the subject is correct, because English education, in all its parts, especially the intellectual, underwent a thorough alteration about twenty years ago, and the effects of this assiduous and inordinate reading have not yet had time to shew themselves. Twenty years more must elapse before it can be determined with certainty, whether, in respect to solidity of judgment and vigour of body, there has been gain or loss."

Indeed we need not wait twenty days for the solution. The reading of our times makes the same impression on the sense as the kaleidoscope: our incessant succession of change leaves no image implanted on the mind; neither knowledge, nor information, nor ideas, nor facts, are gathered from the process; and after perusing half-a-dozen of vastly cheap publications, the jumble of the brain is but a chaos, only worse than the previous aptitude of vacancy for perception. Yes, the modern cry for instruction for the people, is assuredly carried into effect in so strange a way, that we may well call it the *kaleidoscope system*. Much is seen, nothing remembered. The forms of the useful, the entertaining, the liberal, the pious, the comic, the evangelical, and a thousand others, flit before the eye, presto at the bottom of the tube, such shapes of brilliancy, and beauty, and usefulness. Another shake, and they vanish for ever; or examine the material, and lo! bits of broken glass, of tinsel, of straw, threads of gauze, broken shells, &c. &c., represent the clear moral essays, the oratorical flourishes, the education, the arguments, the natural history, &c. &c. of the writers who inundate the afflicted population with their loud boastings and their industrious insignificance. The readers are confused, not informed. The kaleidoscope of learning does not even amuse and please, like the philosophical toy; though the gullied public, as was the case with another clever toy about the same period, the *velocipede*, mounted the hobby, and pushed along on their own feet, and by their own efforts, persuaded all the while that they were indebted for their motion and advance to the wooden machine they had been tempted to purchase and bestride. Would not, we ask Count Pecchio, a similar degradation of the newspaper press lead to a similar depreciation of its proud constitutional bearing and efficacy; as we here see produced in science and literature by the charlatanism of universal instruction? It is a grave question, and ought to be well sifted before we yield our reason to the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of crude experiment and popular declamation.

We now turn again, however, to our author, who thus notices another of our characteristics.

"There is no tomb so vast as London, which swallows up the most illustrious names for ever: it has an omnivorous maw. The celebrity of a man in London blazes and vanishes away like a firework: there is a great noise, numberless invitations, endless flattery and exaggeration, for a few days, and then an eternal

silence. Paoli and Dumourier, after having at their first appearance made a crash like thunder, when they died excited no more attention than a falling leaf. General Mina, when he landed at Portsmouth, was carried to his hotel in triumph, and deafened with applause, for a month together, at the theatre in London. He was more famous than the Nemean lion. What then? He fell very soon into oblivion, and the grave closed over his name. The English people are greedy of novelty; childish in this alone, it makes no great distinction between good and bad—they want only what is *new*. They pay for the magic lantern, and pay well, but they always want fresh figures. To feed this insatiable whale, that always pants with open jaws—

'And after meals is hungrier than before.'

toil incessantly journalists, engravers, historians, travellers, philosophers, lawyers, men of letters, poets,—ministers with schemes for new enactments—the king with schemes for new palaces and buildings, and the liberals with schemes for parliamentary reform."

This is very true; and the spring of it all is, that every man is so much engrossed with his own concerns in our busy, stirring, and striving (must we add borne-down?) community, that novelty is the general relaxation. For the author also neatly observes—

"In England, time is a revenue, a treasure, an estimable commodity. The Englishman is not covetous of money, but he is supremely covetous of time. It is wonderful how exactly the English keep to their appointments. They take out their watch, regulate it by that of their friend, and are punctual at the place and hour. English pronunciation itself seems invented to save time: they eat the letters, and whistle the words. Thus Voltaire had some reason to say, 'The English gain two hours a day more than we do, by eating their syllables.' The English use few compliments, because they are a loss of time, their salute is a nod, or at the utmost a corrosion of the four monosyllables 'How d'ye do?' The ends of their letters always shew more simplicity than ceremony: they have not 'the honour to repeat the protestations of their distinguished regard and profound consideration' to his 'most illustrious lordship,' whose 'most humble, most devoted, and most obsequious servants' they 'have the honour to be.' Their very language seems to be in a hurry; since it is in a great part composed of monosyllables, and two of them, again, are often run into one: the great quantity of monosyllables looks like an abridged way of writing, a kind of shorthand. The English talk little, I suppose that they may not lose time: it is natural, therefore, that a nation which sets the highest value upon time should make the best chronometers; and that all, even among the poorer classes, should be provided with watches. The mail-coach guards have chronometers worth eighty pounds sterling, because they must take care never to arrive five minutes past the hour appointed. At the place of their destination, relations, friends, and servants, are already collected to receive passengers and parcels. When a machine is so complicated as England is, it is essential for every thing to be exact, or the confusion would be ruinous."

Yet every thing does not go exactly by clock-work amongst us; though the count proceeds to illustrate his statement by some curious examples which do not strike the natives. Punctuality is indeed the soul of a commercial nation; and if we take the matter even into the details of private life, how many are the disappoint-

ments, vexations, losses, and misfortunes which we may every day trace to slight failures in this respect! Every thing in its proper place, and every thing to its proper use, is a maxim to render every house comfortable: every thing at its proper time will carry the benefit throughout all the transactions of life. But we are prosing; and only wish to be in parliament that we might legislate on this branch of economy, which we could do to the infinite advantage of the country, in sundry particular instances, which have not yet occurred to unreformed collective wisdom, although, as our author relates, "education has become so common in England, that, by way of economy, ladies are now employed to make the calculations for the Nautical Almanac."

Count Pecchio entertains an unfavourable opinion of the ultra-sin ultra-salvation doctrines of a well-meaning, but woefully mistaken sect amongst us, and which he erroneously ascribes to the whole class of Methodists. A carpenter was hanged for knocking his wife's brains out with the most barbarous cruelty:—

"The court," he says, "was crammed full of people: if I must speak the truth, it displeased me to see a great number of well-educated young ladies among the spectators. I should have liked, at least, to whisper in their ears, that they should remember never more to blame the Spanish girls for taking pleasure in a bull-fight. The culprit appeared at the bar with a tranquil mien. This brutal Othello seemed determined to bear his sentence of death with intrepidity. All eyes were fixed upon him, the unfortunate hero of the day. All are anxious in such moments to watch the efforts of the struggle that a single man is then obliged to sustain against the whole body of society, which armed against him, yet leaves him to the privilege of defending himself. None of the spectators, however, I believe, experienced emotion greater than mine. I remembered at that moment, that some years before I was to have been placed in a similar conflict, from which only the favour of fortune enabled me to escape; and I pictured to myself the bar, before which, without witnesses, without counsel, without the presence of the public, my friends were condemned to death."

"Two days after, the condemned criminal was hanged—a barbarous mode of putting a man to death, which the English palliate by the use of a constant poetical expression, 'He was launched into eternity.' The prisoner, an hour before going to the gallows, told the mayor that he died happy and contented, being persuaded that in another hour he should be in Paradise; and he was in fact quite resigned. He had been inspired with this hope by the minister of the Methodist sect, to which he belonged. This sect, of which I shall speak elsewhere, holds the dangerous doctrine, 'The greater the sinner the greater the saint': and according to a Methodist, faith in the Lord's grace is sufficient to procure his pardon for all the sins he ever committed, without the necessity of repentance. This doctrine is a-kin to that which Ariosto puts into the mouth of Ruggiero, when in the whale's throat he comforts Adolpho, who is grieving at his heinous and infamous sins, with this stanza:—

'Cosa umana, è il peccar e pur si legge,' &c.

'To all men sin is common, and we read

That seven full times a-day the just man falls;

Mercy divine hath ever, too, decreed

To pardon him who on that mercy calls:

Nay, o'er a sinner who of grace hath need,

Who strays, and then returns, when conscience calls,

More joys there are o'er him in realms of heaven,

Than ninety-nine who need not be forgiven!"

Thus man, in all ages, and all times, goes

about seeking an antidote for the fear of death. The Epicurean admitted no responsibility for actions beyond the tomb; the stoic held that the goal of life is death, and that we live but to learn to die. The Pythagorean consoled himself with the idea of transmigration; and the Methodists, not content with the philosophical systems, have found out a still more eligible way of getting into Paradise."

We have at this moment on our table a publication entitled "Narrative of the Conversion (by the instrumentality of two ladies) of James Cook, the Murderer of Mr. Pass, in Letters addressed to a Clergyman of the Established Church. By Mrs. Lachlan;" which is absolutely disgusting in its details, and horrible in the conclusions to which it would lead, by the utter perversion of that doctrine which, instead of affording a hope to the most penitent of wretched sinners, is thus made a holy sponge, and, by consequence, an encouragement for the most dreadful of crimes. These two ill-employed ladies, seem to hug themselves upon the atrocious guilt of the criminal, as a washer-woman would upon the utter filth of the garment consigned to her tub; "nothing could be more abominable, but see how clean I have made it!" The more the dirt, the more the merit. Alas! For a variety, we take a sketch of our sailors from the Italian pencil.

"Sailors, who are hearts of oak when they are at sea, are hearts of butter when at a tavern, and generous as Cæsar himself. The cheeks of the English sailor are not those sleek and florid cheeks which the climate naturally produces, nor are they of a tall and bulky make, like farmers of the island. Their faces are bronzed, or, to express it better with one of those enviable English epithets, composed of two words braced together, they are *weather-beaten*. They are in general of the middle height, but large across the shoulders; their limbs clean made and sinewy, and all their movements free and unconstrained. When they are walking, you observe in them a confidence in their own strength, and the audacity of a health proof against every thing. They traverse the streets with an indifference which is natural to them, as if cities were not made for them, or as if they were people who had seen things more wonderful than a city. Their large trowsers, their open jacket and shirt collar, their round hat, or plaid bonnet, all their dress, in fine, contributes to make them appear more active, more free and easy. It is well known that they never wear boots, because they use hands and feet indifferently: they are four-handed or four-footed just as they will. Their eyes are not sparkling; but they are intrepid, and express very well the heart of oak in their breasts. Their countenance generally denotes intelligence; frankness and generosity are stamped on it: one would say that none of these faces had ever told a lie."

An interesting chapter gives an account of the Retreat (an establishment for the reception of insane patients belonging to the Society of Friends) near York; and just praise is bestowed on the published volume, and on the practice of Mr. Tuke as regards insanity. We have ourselves visited that gentleman's establishment, and received high gratification from the mode in which we saw the sorrowful affliction treated. Mr. Tuke seemed to us to carry the soothing, and therefore the restorative system, to perfection. How melancholy, and yet how interesting, it is to witness the various freaks of aberration in minds otherwise of a higher order!

"I remember," says our author, "seeing,

many years ago, in the hospital of Cremona, the apartment of a painter who was subject to a periodical madness. He used to draw strange conceptions on the wall with coal. Among others, he had drawn a colossal Napoleon mounted on the Trojan horse. If this association of ideas had not risen in the head of a madman, it would have been said that it was worthy of Pulci or the Ricciardetto."

But we must now bring this review to an end with a few notes. The volume is not so entertaining for the English reader as we expected it would be,—it is rather addressed to foreigners, and treats of common topics in a very sensible manner. There is much about Spanish idleness—there is a kind, and we would not say flattering, view of the English female character—and there is a profession of Unitarianism—which occupy rather too much room; but the book is one to be generally read and approved.

*A View of the Early Parisian Greek Press; including the Lives of the Stephani or Estiennes, Notices of other contemporary Greek Printers of Paris, and various Particulars of the Literary and Ecclesiastical History of their Times.* 2 vols. 8vo. By the Rev. W. P. Greswell, author of the "Life of Politian," &c. Oxford, 1833. Talboys.

As we predicated, in the mention of this work among our notices to correspondents last week, we, on mature examination, find it more valuable than review-able. It displays great learning and research; its details are intimately connected with the revival of literature after the dark ages; and for a century and a half it exhibits, in connexion with the pursuits of learning and the efforts of the press, a singular picture of the feelings of mankind, and the religious struggles and persecutions which marked a most important era. It also shews that, with all their faults, kings and churchmen were sometimes the friends of scholars and artists; though at other times, the former forsook, and the latter burnt them for the glory of heaven! But the balance upon the whole appears to be much in favour of princes, and a little in favour of prelates,—a wonder, when we remember the tendency of the age to spoil the former and corrupt the latter.

Printing, that moral and political steam engine of a ten-million-of-men power, has changed all this in our day; but when we read earlier history, we must, like true philosophers, take into our consideration the very different ideas which then prevailed among mankind, when kings were gods, and generals heroes, and bishops saints, and lawyers oracles, and nobles irresponsible, and scholars exempt from hanging, and — the mass nothing. So far from wondering that the *élite* were puffed up with pride, and unrestrained in the indulgence of their passions, in our opinion it is greatly to the honour of human nature, that they were so often high-minded and generous, charitable, the patrons of science and learning; protecting, hospitable, and just; that their vices were the vices of the age, their virtues their own. Francis the First of France was an eminent example of our position; and of him and his court these volumes contain a picture seen in no novel a light as to be almost as good as new.

The book-knowledge is much derived from Maittaire, Chevillier, Le Clerc, Gaillard, and fifty other established authors; and the introduction of Greek printing to Paris, and the labours of the family of the Stephani, the principal theme, which binds all the rest together, the advancement of the art, the bio-

ographies of its chief professors, and the circumstances involved in this progress of typography.

In those days printers were great men, and, though it may be hardly credible now, admirable scholars.\*

"Robert Estienne has been frequently mentioned by writers in the controversy before alluded to, [viz. respecting the authenticity of the verse in 1 John, v. 7.] merely under the denomination of a printer and bookseller of Paris. Readers and hearers are generally influenced by names and terms as they are commonly understood; and these are designations which, in present estimation, certainly carry with them little authority. But Robert is entitled to be brought forward under the sanction of a higher and more dignified character; as a very extraordinary and distinguished proficient in Greek and Roman literature—as one of the most conspicuous restorers and promoters of learning—as himself both an excellent judge and a zealous patron of literary merit—and, on the whole, as one of the most influential and patriotic characters of his age."

This is a severe cut. Who, then, are the patrons of literature? Princes are too much pared down to be able to afford it. Noblemen can no longer, beyond a dinner, or a smile (which is cheaper), to the literati they desire to befriend; and conjunctions resembling those so late as even the days of Queen Anne, would be more extraordinary than that of the Siamese twins. Public endowments are in the utmost disrepute; and the most exalted genius and the deepest erudition of modern times are, like small beer or grocery, handed over to the discriminating taste and refined encouragement of something called "the public." And the public, a splendid beast, with qualities of the elephant kind, does its duty very gravely. It can make a mighty fuss in picking up a pin; and can carry, oh! such a load, without appearing to feel the least weight. It can trample a poor wretch under its feet, without knowing why or wherefore it is kneading him to death. It can kneel to the most insignificant creature who flatters and commands it. It can be led with a ring through its nose by the force of a child. It can roar tremendously without doing much mischief; and it can do a great deal of mischief when it means no harm and is hardly conscious of what it is about. On its neck (as naturalised with us) is seated a guide, armed with a newspaper instead of an iron spike; and by digging into its marrow, he makes it do pretty well what he likes.

We do not mean to institute a comparison between the past and the present, as to the encouragement of great learning and abilities, perhaps not of a popular kind; but sorry shall we be to see the day when the only criterion, stimulus, and reward of such qualities shall be found even in that high and, on the whole, fair tribunal which is so competent to deal with inferior merits and labours. It is the declination to this, in fact, which is so rapidly reducing our literature to the stamp of manufacture and trade, unrelieved and unenlightened by one liberal sentiment beyond the sphere of cotton-weaving or cheesemongery. So it is; and there is no one to blame: it is the commercial change of the times—the uncertainty, and the pressure upon all ranks.

But to the history of Greek printing. It was begun in the north of Italy, the earliest

\* I look upon this as a libel; you had better take care, Mr. Editor.—Printer's Devil, backed by the pressmen, &c. &c. &c.



specimen being of the year 1465. The first entirely Greek book was a grammar, by Lascaris; and in 1460 it was reprinted at Milan, which took up the revived art with great energy, and was soon closely followed by Venice, and afterwards by Florence; but the fall of the Medici closed that channel. Some meagre inchoate attempts preceded the introduction of Greek typography to Paris about 1507; and as the discussion of mere dates cannot interest our readers, we shall content ourselves with noting, that it flourished thereafter (mostly in the family of the Stephani) for nearly a hundred years; and that, by the by, it was not practised in England till 1643, in the reign of Henry VIII. A list of the names of its great ornaments and improvers in Paris, and an account of the difficulties and perils against which they had to contend, will be found in Mr. Greswell's volumes; some of them are very curious; and we select a portion of one of the memoirs, though rather for its extraordinary features than for its value in illustrating the subject.

Guillaume Postel, a native of Normandy, of poor parentage, was distinguished for his utter devotedness to letters, and for his chequered fortunes.

"Francis I. sent le Sieur de la Forest on a special mission to Constantinople. Postel having previously attracted the notice of that nobleman, attended him on this embassy. In this expedition he perfected himself in the Greek language, and learned the Arabic. He is said to have collected a number of manuscripts written in that language and in Syriac; and some maintain that King Francis himself supplied Postel with a fund of four thousand crowns for this purpose, in order to increase the literary treasures of his Bibliothèque de Fontainebleau. Through various accidents, it is also said that some of the precious manuscripts, collected by Postel, were left in pledge to the Duke of Bavaria; others with the Doge of Venice. He first brought into Europe the Syriac version of the New Testament. It was printed at the expense of the emperor Ferdinand I., who caused characters to be cast for this special purpose. Postel, on his return to France, was most favourably received by Francis I. and his sister, the Queen of Navarre. Soon afterwards he published together the alphabets of twelve different languages, printed Parisii, anno 1538. The same year came forth his treatise *De Originibus Hebraicis*, and the affinities of various languages; and about the same time his Arabic Grammar, *Par. sine anno*. All these three works are composed in the Latin language. By great offers of preferment he was invited to embrace an ecclesiastical life. But as he had added mathematical science to his other extraordinary attainments, he preferred the chair of Professor Royal en *Mathématiques et en Langues*, which was given him, with a salary of two hundred ducats. He received also a pension from the Queen of Navarre; but afterwards incurred her displeasure by interfering in favour of the chancellor Poyet, who was offensive to this princess, and had been entirely disgraced. A long and painful journey, which he undertook in behalf of his degraded friend, to Montmarion, in the Pyrenees, where the King and Queen of Navarre had their residence, not only proved of no avail for Du Poyet, but, as we are told, very calamitous to Postel, who lost his horses and baggage, and with difficulty preserved his personal liberty."

"After various other adventures, Postel is found at Rome; where, by a personal acquaintance with the founder of the order of Jesuits,

Ignatius Loyola, he is led to solicit and obtain an admission into that society. But the strange visionary notions which he now began to intermix with his religious opinions and discourses, soon rendered him offensive to the whole order, and he was expelled the society. Some say he found his way into the dungeon of the Inquisition, and was delivered from this perilous situation only by breaking his prison, in concert with others who suffered under the like confinement. I shall not enlarge upon Postel's strange reveries, which some impute to his eager perusal of Rabbinical books, and his attachment to judicial astrology—his pretended revelations, and his connexion with a woman of Venice, satirically denominated by Pasquier his 'Grand-mère Jeanne,' whom he pretended to introduce to the public under an extraordinary character, 'la rédemptrice des femmes, comme Jésus-Christ avoit été le rédempteur des hommes,' in a work which it is said was printed at Paris anno 1553, in 12mo, under this title, *Des très merveilleuses victoires des Femmes*—his personating the character of St. John the Evangelist, and inducing a goldsmith to represent that of John the Baptist in a costume and with a style of preaching suitable to the character. For these and other particulars, foreign to our present purpose, the reader may consult the *Mémoire* of M. de Salengre, which I shall hereafter more particularly specify. It is said that the goldsmith was actually burnt alive, in pursuance of an *arrêt* of the parliament of Toulouse, and that Postel ran great risk of sharing the same fate. As for him, after various migrations, in which he appeared at Venice, Geneva, Basil, Dijon, and at the court of the Emperor Ferdinand I., and after a public retraction of his errors, he was recalled to Paris by the king, and replaced in his chair of Professor Royal. But falling again into the public propagation of his visions and extravagant doctrines, he was at length shut up for life in the monastery of St. Martin des Champs. There he continued eighteen years; and died anno 1581."

He was above a hundred years old; and we may well apply to his extraordinary career and to himself, the observation of Seneca, *nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura demetia*. His life is a curious picture of the employment of scholars in those days; and we shall not crowd our page with farther instances.

"Of the more distinguished literati who figured in the court of Francis, some of those who were first advanced to chairs of professorships in the royal college, have already incidentally been brought before the reader's notice. Others are now too obscure to deserve our special attention. Two of them, however, not hitherto distinctly noticed, may here claim our brief consideration. These are Petrus Danesius and Orontius Finaeus. Danesius or Danes, was a native of Paris, and of noble extraction. At a period when able instructors were so rare, persons of high rank and station did not disdain to take upon them this office in behalf of the youth of honourable birth and expectation. Joannes Lascaris and Guilielmus Budæus were the early preceptors of Danesius, whose proficiency was such, that he was thought by Francis worthy to fill the Greek professor's chair. He acquitted himself with great success in this employment, and maintaining his credit in succeeding reigns, became preceptor to the dauphin, afterwards Francis II., by whom he was appointed to the episcopal see of Lavaur, and employed on important occasions."

The schoolmaster was not abroad then! But for the doings of his predecessors we must now

refer to these volumes, in which they are carefully recorded, together with much miscellaneous matter. *Valé!*

*The Life of a Sailor.* By a Captain in the Navy. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bentley. THREE most various and amusing volumes, with that great merit, an air at least of reality. They will be best characterised as maritime travels, told as our travellers used to tell their adventures, simply and earnestly. Lord Byron, Sir Peter Parker, Bolivar, Paéz, are names to attract any reader; and the scenes are north, south, east, and west. The following narrative of a wreck off Havannah we shall only preface by observing, that the crew have been forced to take to the boat, which has upset.

"Even in this moment of peril, the discipline of the navy assumed its command. At the order from the lieutenant for the men on the keel to relinquish their position, they instantly obeyed, the boat was turned over, and once more the expedient was tried—but quite in vain; for no sooner had the two men begun to bale with a couple of hats, and the safety of the crew to appear within the bounds of probability, than one man declared he saw the fin of a shark. No language can convey the panic which seized the struggling seamen: a shark is at all times an object of horror to a sailor; and those who have seen the destructive jaws of these voracious fish, and their immense and almost incredible power—their love of blood, and their bold daring to obtain it—alone can form an idea of the sensations produced to a swimmer by the cry of 'a shark! a shark!' Every man now struggled to obtain a moment's safety. Well they knew that one drop of blood would have been scented by the everlasting pilot-fish, the jackalls of the shark; and that their destruction was inevitable, if one only of these monsters should discover the rich repast, or be led to its food by the little rapid hunter of its prey. All discipline was now unavailing, the boat again turned keel up: one man only gained his security to be pushed from it by others; and thus their strength began to fail from long-continued exertion. As, however, the enemy so much dreaded did not make its appearance, Smith once more urged them to endeavour to save themselves by the only means left, that of the boat; but as he knew that he would only increase their alarm by endeavouring to persuade them that sharks did not abound in those parts, he used the wisest plan of dearing those who held on by the gunwale, to keep splashing in the water with their legs, in order to frighten the monsters at which they were so alarmed. Once more had hope begun to dawn; the boat was clear to her thwarts, and four men were in her hard at work: a little forbearance and a little obedience, and they were safe. At this moment, when those in the water urged their messmates in the boat to continue baling with unremitted exertion, a noise was heard close to them, and about fifteen sharks came right in amongst them. The panic was ten times more dreadful than before: the boat again was upset by the simultaneous endeavour to escape the danger; and the twenty-two sailors were again devoted to destruction. At first the sharks did not seem inclined to seize their prey, but swam in amongst the men, playing in the water, sometimes leaping about and rubbing against their victims. This was of short duration—a loud shriek from one of the men announced his sudden pain; a shark had seized him by the leg, and severed it entirely from the body. No sooner had the blood been tasted than the long-



dreaded attack took place; another and another shriek proclaimed the loss of limbs; some were torn from the boat, to which they vainly endeavoured to cling—some, it was supposed, sunk from the fear alone—all were in dreadful peril. Mr. Smith even now, when of all horrible deaths the most horrible seemed to await him, gave his orders with clearness and coolness; and to the everlasting honour of the poor departed crew be it known, they were obeyed: again the boat was righted, and again two men were in her. Incredible as it may appear, still, however, it is true, that the voice of the officer was heard amidst the danger; and the survivors actually, as before, clung to the gunwale, and kept the boat upright. Mr. Smith himself held by the stern, and cheered and applauded his men. The sharks had tasted the blood, and were not to be driven from their feast; in one short moment, when Mr. Smith ceased splashing, as he looked into the boat to watch the progress, a shark seized both his legs, and bit them off just above the knees. Human nature was not strong enough to bear the immense pain without a groan; but Smith endeavoured to conceal the misfortune; nature, true to herself, resisted the endeavour, and the groan was deep and audible. The crew had long respected their gallant commander; they knew his worth and his courage: on hearing him express his pain, and seeing him relinquish his hold to sink, two of the men grasped their dying officer, and placed him in the stern sheets. Even now, in almost insupportable agony, that gallant fellow forgot his own sufferings, and thought only on rescuing the remaining few from the untimely grave which awaited them: he told them again of their only hope, deplored their perilous state, and concluded with these words: 'If any of you survive this fatal night, and return to Jamaica, tell the admiral (Sir Laurence Halsted) that I was in search of the pirate when this lamentable occurrence took place; tell him I hope I have always done my duty, and that I—' Here the endeavour of some of the men to get into the boat gave her a heel on one side; the men who were supporting poor Smith relinquished him for a moment, and he rolled overboard and was drowned. His last bubbling cry was soon lost amidst the shrieks of his former companions—he sunk to rise no more."

"At eight o'clock in the evening the Magpie was upset; it was calculated by the two survivors, that their companions had all died by nine. The sharks seemed satisfied for the moment, and they, with gallant hearts, resolved to profit by the precious time in order to save themselves; they righted the boat, and one getting over the bows, and the other over the stern, they found themselves, although nearly exhausted, yet alive, and in comparative security; they began the work of baling, and soon lightened the boat sufficiently not to be easily upset, when both sat down to rest. The return of the sharks was the signal for their return to labour. The voracious monsters endeavoured to upset the boat; they swam by its side in seeming anxiety for their prey; but, after waiting some time, they separated—the two rescued seamen found themselves free from their insatiable enemies, and, by the blessing of God, saved. Tired as they were, they continued their labour until the boat was nearly dry, when both lay down to rest, the one forward and the other aft: so completely had fear operated on their minds, that they did not dare even to move, dreading that an incautious step might again have capsized the boat. They soon, in spite of the horrors they had witnessed, fell

into a sound sleep—and day had dawned before they awoke to horrible reflections, and apparently worse dangers. The sun rose clear and unclouded, the cool calm of the night was followed by the sultry calm of the morning; and heat and hunger, thirst, and fatigue, seemed to settle on the unfortunate men, rescued by Providence and their own exertions from the jaws of a horrible death. They awoke and looked at each other—the very gaze of despair was appalling: far as the eye could reach, no object could be discerned; the bright haze of the morning added to the strong refraction of light; one smooth interminable plain, one endless ocean, one cloudless sky, and one burning sun, were all they had to gaze upon. The boat lay like the ark, in a world alone! They had no oar, no mast, no sail—nothing but the bare planks and themselves, without provisions or water, food or raiment. They lay upon the calm ocean, hopeless, friendless, miserable. It was a time of intense anxiety; their eyes rested upon each other in silent pity, not unmixed with fear. Each knew the dreadful alternative to which nature would urge them. The cannibal was already in their looks, and fearful would have been the first attack on either side, for they were both brave and stout men, and equals in strength and courage."

"It was now about half-past six in the morning; the sun was beginning to prove its burning power, the sea was as smooth as a looking-glass; and, saving now and then, the slight cat's-paw of air, which ruffled the face of the water for a few yards, all was calm and hushed. In vain they strained their eyes—in vain they turned from side to side to escape the burning rays of the sun; they could not sleep, for now anxiety and fear kept both vigilant and on their guard: they dared not to court sleep, for that might have been the last of mortal repose. Once they nearly quarrelled, but fortunately the better feelings of humanity overcame the bitterness of despair. The foremost man had long complained of thirst, and had frequently dipped his hand into the water, and sucked the fluid: this was hastily done, for all the horrors of the night were still before them, and not unfrequently the sharp fin of a shark was seen not very far from the boat. In the midst of the excruciating torments of thirst, heightened by the salt water, and the irritable temper of the Bowman, as he stamped his impatient foot against the bottom boards, and tore his hair with unfeeling indifference, he suddenly stopped the expression of his rage, and called out—'By God, there is a sail!'"

"Whilst they stood watching in silence the approach of the brig, which slowly made her way through the water,—and at the very instant that they were assuring each other that they were seen, and that the vessel was purposely steered on the course she was keeping to reach them,—the whole fabric of hope was destroyed in a second; the brig kept away about three points, and began to make more sail. Then was it an awful moment: their countenances saddened as they looked at each other; for in vain they hailed—in vain they threw their jackets in the air—it was evident they had never been seen, and that the brig was steering her proper course."

"The time was slipping away, and if once they got abate the beam of the brig, every second would lessen the chance of being seen; besides, the sea-breeze might come down, and then she would be far away, and beyond all hope in a quarter of an hour. Now was it, that the man who had been so loudly lamenting his fate seemed suddenly inspired with fresh

hope and courage; he looked attentively at the brig, then at his companion, and said—'By Heaven, I'll do it, or we are lost!' 'Do what?' said his shipmate. 'Though,' said the first man, 'it is no trifle to do, after what we have seen and known; yet I will try, for if she passes us, what can we do? I tell you, Jack, I'll swim to her; if I get safe to her, you are saved; if not, why I shall die without adding, perhaps, murder to my crimes.' 'What! jump overboard, and leave me all alone!' replied his companion: 'look, look at that shark, which has followed us all night—why it is only waiting for you to get into the water to swallow you, as it did perhaps half of our messmates:—no, no—wait, do wait; perhaps another vessel may come; b'oides, I cannot swim half the distance, and I should be afraid to remain behind: think, Tom—only think of the sharks, and of last night.' '—' He jumped overboard with as much calmness as if he was bathing in security. No sooner had he begun to strike out in the direction he intended, than his companion turned towards the sharks. The first had disappeared, and it was evident they had heard the splash, and would soon follow their prey. It is hard to say who suffered the most anxiety. The one left in the boat cheered his companion, looked at the brig, and kept waving his jacket—then turned to watch the sharks: his horror may be imagined, when he saw three of these terrific monsters swim past the boat, exactly in the direction of his companion: he splashed his jacket in the water to scare them away, but they seemed quite aware of the impotency of the attack, and lazily pursued their course. The man swam well, and strongly. There was no doubt he would pass within hail of the brig, provided the sharks did not interfere: and he, knowing that they would not be long in following him, kept kicking the water, and splashing as he swam. There is no fish more cowardly, and yet more desperately savage, than a shark. I have seen one harpooned twice, with a hook in its jaws, and come again to a fresh bait: yet will they suffer themselves to be scared by the smallest noise, and hardly ever take their prey without it is quite still. Generally speaking, any place surrounded by rocks where the surf breaks, although there may be a passage for a ship, will be secure from sharks. It was not until a great distance had been accomplished, that the swimmer became apprised of his danger, and saw by his side one of the terrific creatures: still, however, he bravely swam and kicked; his mind was made up for the worst, and he had little hope of success. In the meantime the breeze had gradually freshened, and the brig passed with greater velocity through the water; every stitch of canvass was spread. To the poor swimmer the sails seemed bursting with the breeze; and as he used his utmost endeavour to propel himself, so as to cut off the vessel, the spray appeared to dash from the bow, and the brig to fly through the sea. He was now close enough to hope his voice might be heard; but he hailed and hailed in vain—not a soul was to be seen on deck: the man who steered was too intent upon his avocation to listen to the call of mercy. The brig passed, and the swimmer was every second getting farther in the distance: every hope was gone; not a ray of that bright divinity remained: the fatigue had nearly exhausted him; and the sharks only waited for the first quiet moment to swallow their victim. It was in vain he thought of returning towards the boat, for he never could have reached her, and his companion had no means of assisting him. In the

act of offering up his last prayer ere he made up his mind to float and be eaten, he saw a man look over the quarter of the brig: he raised both his hands; he jumped himself up in the water, and, by the singularity of his motions, fortunately attracted notice. A telescope soon made clear the object: the brig was hove-to, a boat sent, and the man saved. The attention of the crew was then awakened to the Maggie's boat: she was soon alongside; and thus, through the bold exertions of as gallant a fellow as ever breathed, both were rescued from their perilous situation."

*Anecdote of an American Robber.*—"Gomez was systematic in his cruelties. A poor fellow, who was accosted by the robber near St. Martin, in the course of conversation mentioned his very sincere hope that he might not fall into the hands of Gomez. 'Why not?' asked his companion, who was the robber in disguise. 'Because,' continued the traveller, 'he is not only partial to robbing his victim, but he delights in the shedding of blood, and in the exercise of cruelty.' 'And who told you that?' said Gomez. 'Common report,' said the traveller; 'we know for a certainty that he murders every man he captures, and washes his hands in the blood.' 'Indeed!' replied the robber; 'now you shall yourself be a witness to the contrary; for here,' said he pointing to a path in the wood, 'is the way to the abode of Gomez; and I will take the liberty to introduce you to him.' In vain the traveller expressed his detestation of all new acquaintances, or urged the importance of his business; he was forcibly conducted to the ground, and then had the inexpressible horror of finding the robber in his companion. 'Here,' said Gomez to some of his gang, 'bring that large chest here.' It was brought. 'Now get in here,' he continued, addressing himself to his new acquaintance; which being complied with, the lid was fastened down, and the captive heard the following remark:—'Now, senhor, you shall know how false is common report. You shall die; but your blood shall not be spilt, neither shall I gloat over the murder, or wash my hands in the stream of life;—now starve, suffocate, and die!' The poor wretch in vain solicited mercy, and perished while the brutal murderers were laughing at his woes, and gambling on the chest."

Many sensible observations are scattered throughout the work, which, we are told, embodies the real adventures of a post-captain in the navy, and does its author much credit. He has seen "a deal of service," and describes what he has seen with infinite animation.

#### *Hood's Comic Annual. Tilt.*

MR. HOOD is late in the field this year, and so late in the week that we can only give a taste of his quality—a cut, and a poem. They are the best we can find; and therefore we will leave the volume to the public judgment.

#### *"A Charity Sermon."*

I'm an extremely charitable man—no collar, and long hair, though a little carryot;  
Demure, half-inclined to the unknown tongues, but I never gained any thing by charity.  
I got a little boy into the bounding—but his unfortunate mother was traced and bailed.  
And the overseers found her out—and she found me out—and the child was affiliated.  
Oh, charity will come home to roost,  
Like curses and chickens is charity.  
I once, near Whitehall's very old wall, when ballads danced over the whole of it,  
Put a bad five-shilling piece into a beggar's hat; but the old hat had got a hole in it.  
And a little boy caught it in his little hat, and an officer's eye seemed to care for it,  
As my bad crown-piece went through his bad crown-piece, and they took me up to Queen's Square for it.  
Oh, charity, &c.

I let my very old (condemned) old house to a man, at a rent that was shockingly low,  
So I found a roof for his ten motherless babes—all defunct and fatherless now!

For the plaguy one-sided party wall fell in, so did the roof, on son and daughter,  
And twelve jurymen sat on eleven bodies, and brought in a very personal verdict of 'Manslaughter.'

I picked up a young well-dressed gentleman, who had fallen in a fit in St. Martin's Court,  
And charitably offered to see him home—for charity always seemed to be my forte;  
And I've had presents for seeing fallen gentlemen home; but this was a very unlucky job—

Do you know, he got my watch, my purse, and my handkerchief—for it was one of the swell mob.

Being four miles from town, I stopt a horse that had run away with a man, when it seemed that they must be dashed to pieces,

Though several kind people were following him with all their might—but such following a horse, his speed increases;

I held the horse while he went to recruit his strength, and I meant to ride home, of course;  
But the crowd came and took me up—for it turned out the man had run away with the horse.

I watched last month all the drovers and drivers about the suburbs—for it's a positive fact,

That I think the utmost penalty ought always to be enforced against every body under Mr. Martin's act;

But I couldn't catch one hit over the horns, or over the shins, or on the ears, or over the head;  
And I caught a rheumatism from early wet hours, and got five weeks of ten swelled fingers in bed.

Well, I've utterly done with charity, though I used so to preach about its finest fount;

Charity may do for some that are more lucky, but I can't turn it to any account—

It goes so the very reverse way—even if one chitrupe it up with a dust of piety;

That henceforth let it be understood, I take my name entirely out of the list of the subscribers to the Humane Society.

For charity, &c."



Blind to his own interests.

#### PICTURE OF EGYPT.

[Concluded.]

HITHERTO the political situation of Egypt appears not to have been perfectly understood, either by the journalists of Europe or by Mohammed Alee himself. Long ago this vassal of the Porte entertained the project of breaking the bonds of allegiance that united him to his sovereign, and of declaring by open force the independence of his vast domains. It is with this view alone he has raised an army and organised a navy. He was strengthened in this determination by some persons who had access to him; and two consuls\* were au-

\* The author alludes to Mons. Drovetti, French consul, and probably to Mr. Salt. I rather think they were not authorised. A statement was sent at the time to the British government by Mr. S. of the views and advances of the pasha, in which M. D.'s intrigues were partly explained.

thorised, without, however, advancing anything in a positive manner, to give him a hint of the possibility of obtaining the support of their governments. He then employed himself with redoubled ardour and confidence in the preparations required by this great undertaking; and he was about to put it into execution, when he received the order\* to send a division into the Morea, under the command of Ibrahim Pasha. He endeavoured then to obtain a decisive answer from the consuls, who had flattered him with the hope of a powerful alliance; but they had no orders to give a positive declaration; and Mohammed Alee, seeing that he could not reckon upon his single means, deferred the execution of his favourite project, and obeyed the orders of the Porte.

Ever since that period, all his exertions and all his actions have been directed towards the accomplishment of this single wish. He flattered himself that the geographical position of Egypt, at a distance from the seat of empire, defended on the sea-side by his ships and the guns of his forts, on the land side by extensive deserts, would shelter him from the attacks of the Porte. Extending his plans as soon as they became matured, he sent several emissaries at different times into Syria to engage the inhabitants, by fair promises, to place themselves under his banners: he then concentrated by degrees all his troops in the environs of Cairo and Alexandria, withdrew a part of those stationed in the Stedjaz and Upper Egypt, and only waited for their union and the organisation of his fleet to act on the offensive.

The intentions of Mohammed Alee were soon known to the Grand Signor, who, towards the end of 1828, despatched an Albanian pasha, named Ibrahim, to Egypt, with orders to take the command of all the Turkish ships escaped from the disaster of Navarino, as well as a certain number of Egyptian vessels, and to bring them to Constantinople. This pasha was also to endeavour to replace the ports of Alexandria and Damietta, as they had formerly been, under the immediate dependence of the Porte.

An extraordinary divan, which, by the by, the European journals eagerly transformed into a national assembly, composed of all the members of the viceroy's family, the ministers, and principal functionaries, was convoked at Alexandria, to deliberate on the sultan's demands. Mohammed Alee was in hopes of discovering in this assembly the secret opinions of the leading people of Egypt, and prepared to declare his independence without further delay, if he found them devoted to his service, and ready to assist him in his designs. But the opinion of the majority of the divan was quite opposed to his own, and it was decided that mild means were preferable. He was, therefore, obliged to come to terms. He made concessions and promises, and ultimately delivered to the Albanian pasha the Turkish

\* This is not sufficiently explicit. It is a positive fact that the pasha had applied to the sultan to have the war of Greece intrusted to him, with the view of taking the Morea to himself; and his incautious expression, "the Morea is mine, not a single Osmanlee shall enter it," shews it was not undertaken to assist, but to thwart the object of the Porte; and that he only considered it a stepping-stone to more ambitious views. It cannot be denied that he has long entertained the idea of becoming grand signor instead of the present sultan; and reports are now purposely circulated in Cairo, that the Bonapartes and several chiefs of Asia Minor have acknowledged him emperor of the Turkish dominions; but it does not appear that he had the intention of declaring his independence at the time here alluded to by the author; his object was to obtain possession of some other part of the sultan's territory, which might keep the seat of war at a distance from Egypt, and the Morea and Syria were fixed upon for that purpose.

vessels and a considerable sum, with the assurance of his obedience to his master, and the promise of always keeping the Egyptian fleet at his disposal. However, he did not renounce his ideas of emancipation; and his quarrel with the Pasha of Acre gave them a fresh impulse, from the arrangements he was ordered by the Porte to make for his march upon Syria. This circumstance put an end to his irresolution, and he promised himself that he would never retire again from Syria if he could once set foot within it.\* He would not even listen to the orders of the sultan, when he had sent to countermand his warlike preparations. He disobeyed without disguise, under the pretext of having private injuries to revenge; and the commencement of the present war followed.

Taking an abstract view of his situation as a subject, Mohammed Alee has committed a great fault in wishing to change his position. He could never find a more favourable one in every point. Monarch, in fact, and quite absolute, he wanted only the name; and it is to acquire this that he has consented to sacrifice so many certain advantages, of which no one would ever have dreamt of depriving him. The name of subject hurt his pride; but it did not impose any great obligations upon him: supreme chief of a superb country, which he governed and regulated according to his pleasure, he had no reason to envy many a sovereign.

The authority of the grand signor, long since purely nominal in Egypt, had no influence over the system of administration adopted by Mohammed Alee. He alone commanded the liberty and fortunes of his subjects. He was accountable to no one for his immense revenues, and the army he had formed obeyed him alone. But if that nominal dependence on a sovereign did not affect his power at home, it gave him a great preponderance abroad. Considered by the European nations as appointed by the Porte, they could not make any hostile aggressions upon his territory. His title of vassal, of which he is ashamed, protected him against all the ambition of the west; and this protection only cost him some outward marks of deference—some trifling sacrifices compared with the benefit he derived from it. Egypt is much coveted; and the moment Mohammed Alee, separating himself from the Porte, shall renounce of his own accord the support of his sovereign—the moment, whatever be the cause, he shall declare himself independent ruler of the country, he must prepare for a serious defence against foreign invasion. Let him be persuaded that France and England would never have left him quiet possessor of so rich a country, if the only obstacle had been his expulsion. The fear of declaring an unjust war against the sultan has alone restrained them, in spite of the great desire they have of acquiring in the Levant a colony of such importance. Rapacious England, above all, has long since cast her eyes upon Egypt; and the last treaty of commerce, she has just made with Mohammed Alee, would render the accomplishment of her permanent views of conquest still more easy. Succeeding in establishing some mercantile houses (comptoirs) at Suez and Cosseir,† the commerce of the Red Sea, where of all the flags of Europe her's only floats, will be alone enjoyed by her. In short, those establishments furnishing endless pretexts, according to her convenience, of

breaking the existing treaty, she would take advantage, at a reasonable moment, of the facility thus offered for declaring a war, which would secure her prey. Those who have attentively observed the feeling of the British cabinet towards Mohammed Alee, have not failed to perceive its obvious aim of creating one more opening, by adding to its present possessions others in the Levant; and this wish would become more ardent, as the means of satisfying it were rendered easy.

The army and fleet of Mohammed Alee may answer very well to struggle for some time against the forces of the Porte; but of what weight would they be against a European expedition? He was well aware of this, when he offered his alliance to France against the Dey of Algiers. His intention was, to have secured a powerful ally, who at a later period would have thought it her duty to second his projects of independence, and to defend him against the hostile measures he dreads.

But, in spite of the great fertility of her soil, Egypt is a ruined country, which would require several years of repose before a part of the misfortunes she has suffered could be healed. The population, thinned by the ambition and avarice of the government, only sighs for the moment when it shall see its chains broken; and if it has not sufficient energy to resist the tyranny of Mohammed Alee, it at least desires most ardently to be delivered from it; so that far from offering any resistance, it would welcome with enthusiasm that power which should present itself as a liberator.

As to the result of the present war, it may be long, but it is by no means doubtful. Hitherto Ibrahim Pasha has pursued his march without meeting any serious opposition: he has only routed some irregular troops, which could never have held out against him. Let us wait till he finds himself in presence of the grand signor's army—it is then that we may judge of the general, who has completely failed before the only obstacle he has yet met with, who at the head of 50,000 men, and after more than six months' siege, was unable to take St. Jean d'Acre,\* whose garrison, reduced to 1200 men, never exceeded 2,500!

#### Biographical Account of Mohammed Alee Pasha.†

Mohammed Alee was born in the year of the Hégira 1182 (1769), at Cavalla (Cawalah), a small town of Roumelia, where his father was an officer in the troops of the governor. Although his education was entirely neglected, he gave proofs at an early age of a subtle and penetrating genius, an active imagination, and an enterprising disposition, which appeared to presage at that time the lofty destinies he has been called to fulfil. In his youth he had occasion to give a proof of his courage and prudence, in recalling to their duty the inhabitants of a village which had revolted against the authorities of Cavalla. This action gained for him the confidence of the chiefs and the attachment of a lady, whom he afterwards married, and by whom he had, during the life-time of her first husband, three sons, Ismail, Tousseum, and Ibrahim; which has given rise to

\* He has at last taken it, and marched to and entered Damascus and Aleppo. The fleet, consisting of four line-of-battle ships and seven large frigates, besides sloops and brigs, has sailed to meet that of the sultan. A ship of 130 guns has just been launched.

† This pamphlet also contains notices of Ibrahim Pasha, Abbas Pasha, Maharrum Bey, Ahmed (or rather Mohammed) Bey Deferdar, Mahmood Bey, Sherief Bey, Osman Bey (now pasha and admiral of the fleet), and of Boghos; but as they can be but of little interest to the general reader, I have omitted them.

the common report of Ibrahim Pasha being his adopted son.\*

A particular circumstance placed him at the head of a body of 300 men, whom the district of Cavalla sent to Egypt, by order of the grand signor, against the French, on their taking possession of that country. Scarcely had he joined the Ottoman army, when he distinguished himself by the bravery of his conduct, of which he gave successive proofs, in the different actions in which he was engaged with the republican troops.

I shall not follow Mohammed Alee in his military career: this part of his life has been described by a modern author with all the detail the subject requires.† I hasten to that moment when, after having passed through every rank—after having met with all the vicissitudes incident to the profession of arms—after having been alternately blamed and rewarded by his superiors, he was chosen governor of Egypt, by a deputation of shekhs, on the 14th March, 1805. The country was then a prey to all the horrors of intestine divisions, fomented by a number of tyrants, known by the name of beys, or memlooks. He thwarted their schemes of opposition; and two months after his election (the 9th July, 1805) he was recognised by the Sublime Porte as Pasha of Egypt.

The English observed with displeasure that tranquillity was about to be re-established; by the energy of a single man, in a country which they had coveted, and whose commotions daily afforded a new stimulus to their pretensions.‡ They declared openly against the government of Mohammed Alee, whose plans overthrew their long-cherished hopes.¶ The British ambassador at Constantinople demanded his removal; and the agents of the cabinet of London excited new commotions. Their efforts succeeded with the Porte, which gave orders to Mohammed Alee to quit his pashalic, and take possession of that of Salonica; but he contrived to gain time by divers pretexts, until his services decided the grand signor to leave in Egypt the only man who was capable of governing it at such a critical moment, and of preserving it for the Ottoman empire.

The defeat of the English at Rosetta, at the time of their unsuccessful expedition in 1807, and their expulsion from Egypt, the annihilation of the memlooks, the wars against the Wahabees, and the conquests of the Hedjaz, Cordofan, and Sennar, were, at a later period, so many claims to the increase of favour and esteem he enjoyed from the sultan. His ambition has alone prevented him from maintaining it. He is persuaded that he has conquered Egypt by the power of his sabre, and is resolved to keep possession of it, and to transmit it to his heirs;§ in short, he intends to found a new dynasty.

\* This report originated from an affront offered by Ibrahim Pasha to Mons. Drovetti, which the French consul hoped to revenge, by insinuating that Ibrahim was the son of the pasha's wife by a former husband. It is, however, acknowledged in the harem of Mohammed Alee, that he is his son, and as every one knows, the eldest of the three. The order of their birth is transposed by the author, Ibrahim being the eldest, and Ismail the youngest.

† M. Félix Mangin, *Histoire de l'Égypte sous Méhémet Ali*. ‡ This is really not amiss. The French never, of course, dreamed of such unjustifiable pretensions. But from what did it ever appear that the English had the project of invading Egypt and of annexing it to their dominions? The discontent of the people of Egypt, and the claims of Mohammed Bey el Elife, induced the English to undertake the expedition of 1807; and it was at the solicitation of the Elife Bey that they sent a small force to assist him in his attempts to overthrow the government of Mohammed Alee. We might have benefited our commerce; but our object could not then be the occupation of Egypt.

§ Cherished, no doubt, ever since 1801.

§ Not only Egypt, but all the countries where Arabic

\* He had frequently applied for the pashalic of Damascus, which had been refused. One of the arguments used by him is very characteristic. "If," said he, "I am unworthy to be trusted, why leave me Egypt? but if I am a faithful subject, why refuse me Damascus?" There is only an agent at each; one a native, the other a Greek.



Mohammed Alee unites with considerable courage the art of commanding; he is endowed with a subtle genius and uncommon perspicacity; nor is he unacquainted with all the machinery of policy and diplomacy, or the means of using it with address. Indefatigable and remarkable for his perseverance, which enabled him to learn to read and write at the age of forty-five; the restless disposition of an ambitious man, who is resolved on gaining a name at any price, is visible in all his conduct. Headstrong even to violence, he wants not however a certain share of humanity. He has taken from the grandes the odious privilege of putting to death without a trial. He has welcomed to his court a great number of subjects who had revolted from the Porte, where he treats them honourably, and whom he would never consent to give up; and during the revolution of Greece, he took under his protection those Greeks who happened to be in Egypt, kept them in his employ, and granted them an increase of favour.\* An enthusiastic friend to innovations, he adopts them with avidity, and frequently without previous examination; so that he has founded several schools, by whose failure his *amour propre* has been greatly mortified.

He is moreover affable, and has an easy and prepossessing manner. Void of prejudices, he knows how to appreciate European nations, affects even to imitate their customs, and is constantly blaming the grandes of his court for their mistaken notions of them. The expression of his countenance is gay and open, and his eye is full of fire. Constantly agitated, he sleeps but little, and seldom enjoys sound repose; and during the night two women watch alternately at his bed-side, to arrange the coverings he constantly throws off in his sleep. On making an acquaintance, he is communicative and curious, particularly in every thing that relates to Europe. In short, as an individual he possesses several estimable qualities: he is a good father, a faithful friend—temperate and regular in his habits.

Such is Mohammed Alee. But if some of the features of this sketch are daily losing their exact resemblance, we must attribute this change to inexorable age, which seems to augment in rigour as it weighs upon him.

#### CLEARING OFF ARREARS.

As the end of the year approaches, we look round our tables, our chairs, our shelves, our sofa, our floor; and we feel with dismay, that notwithstanding all our diligence, there is yet a considerable arrear which ought to be cleared off, before we can justly claim the credit of having reported so fully on the productions of the last twelve months as to deserve the praise at which our *Gazette* aims—namely, that of fairly and sufficiently reflecting the progress of literature, science, and the arts, whether for the information of present or of future times. It is true that a weekly sheet, however arranged and printed, so as to contain in fact a great quantity of matter, must in some measure fall short of this purpose; but still we conceive it may, and we hope it does, supply a fund of intelligence so ample and useful as to enable every reader to form a tolerably correct notion of what has been done and how it has been done; what improvements have taken place, what failures have occurred; what new systems have sprung up, and what old things have been revived: in short, a view, in masses or detail, as circumstances seem to require, of the world "as it was" in its intellectual development, its pursuits, its amusements, and all its various changes.

To render this picture more complete, we shall devote a portion of this and two succeeding Nos. to the office indicated by our title, "clearing off arrears."

is spoken; and many affirm that he even aspires to the throne of Constantinople.

\* There was great policy in that measure; and this is another of the many proofs of his intentions at that time of overthrowing the power of the sultan. A strong party among the Greeks would have been very useful. I have heard one of the chief men of the pasha's court observe, that Greece and Syria were two doors which led to the same place.

Notwithstanding the organs of destructiveness in school-boys and children, it is not a little extraordinary to see the endless publication of school-books and books of instruction. It seems as if almost every teacher was also a writer; and that it was impossible there should be an adequate demand for these unending novelties; in which it must be acknowledged there is seldom any thing new, though, in some, new principles and new methods are occasionally enforced.

(1.) The Principles and Practice of Jacotot's System of Education has excited considerable attention. It purports to teach languages not only by a short way, but a rail-road and steam rapidly, by exercising the memory and the judgment, instead of wearying the learner with grammars and dictionaries. This system was first practised at Louvain; and its friends affirm that the theory has been carried into successful operation. (2.) The Art of Reading and Translating French at Sight, by M. Rudelle. Another "practico-theoretical" method, in which double-quick time is said to be gained by reading verbal interlined translation. (3.) The Conversational Manner of Teaching Languages, &c. by S. B. L. P. Some improvements suggested on the systems of Jacotot and Hamilton. (4.) Grammar of the French Language, by J. R. L. Rubattel. A useful grammar, with well-chosen examples in the interlinear mode. (5.) Systematic Arrangement of the Genders of French Nouns, by C. Thurgart—a also useful, in briefly enabling the learner to overcome a great difficulty in this language. (6.) Homonymes Français, by D. Albert, L.L.D. and Egerton Smith. A good book to follow the last and improve the learner in the niceties of French.

In German we shall at present only notice (7.) Stories from German Writers. On Locke's recommendation, with literal interlined translation, the notes are instructive. (8.) Meditations from the German of Burckhardt. In English, and a pious and beautiful work. A prayer for a sick person (p. 137) is exquisitely pathetic, and finely expressed. (9.) La Declinaison Allemande Déterminée, by M. Ollendorff. Very useful fixed rules for German declension.

In Latin, (10.) Initia Latina, Pars Prima et Pars Secunda. The plan here laid down is pursued, we believe, at Lewisham school; and it has certainly advantages and improvements not always to be met with. It applies knowledge of words and grammar early to practice. (11.) Thesaurus Lingue Latine, by De Porquet. M. de Porquet is an excellent teacher, and his adoption of the plan of Le Tresor for translating English into Latin at sight is worthy of his intelligence. (12.) A new Latin Vocabulary, by W. Pinnock, jun. Mr. Pinnock's father has done much for the instruction of youth, and we are glad to see a son following in his footsteps.

In English, (13.) English Grammar Abridged—a Grammar of the English Language, with the Principles of Rhetoric, &c.—Exercises adapted to the same, by Richard Hiley. Of these three volumes we can speak with cordial praise. Not differing essentially from Lindley Murray (to whose labours and virtues the author pays just tribute), they do not servilely imitate that popular grammarian; but where there appear to be untenable positions, others are adopted and justified by references to able writers. (14.) Arithmetical Text-Book, by R. Cunningham. A skilful treatise on arithmetic; and well calculated to drill the mind for higher studies. (15.) Improved System of English Grammar, by R. Conner. A common grammar exercise book.

The following are still books of instruction, though of a superior or more advanced character. (16.) Bayley's Algebra: designed for Eton school, and the work of an able mathematician. We are not acquainted with a more easy and ready means of acquiring the elements of the science. (17.) Elements of Geometry, by Robert Wallace, A.M. An excellent school-book edition of Euclid. (18.) Pritchard's Microscopic Cabinet, with Essays by Dr. Goring. With many coloured engravings, this interesting exhibition of microscopic objects unfolds to the youthful mind the wonders of nature. The descriptions are elaborate and scientific; and the whole is well adapted to illustrate, in a manner not hitherto done in this country, a branch of natural science of extraordinary aspects and exciting curiosity. (19.) Classical Scholar's Guide, by R. Carr. There is a great deal of useful matter in this volume; but it is mixed up with little regard to connexion. Every part—points of Latin grammar, pronunciation, translation of Greek proper names, rhetoric, a system of mnemonics. (20.) An Anglo-Saxon Grammar, &c. by W. Hunter. We do not think Mr. Hunter throws much new light on the Anglo-Saxon tongue; but

his analysis of the styles of Chaucer, Douglas, and Spenser, is pleasing and useful. The argument, that for force and energy in English writers of the present day, derivatives from the Saxon are far better than those from Latin, Greek, or any other language, is hardly necessary. Who denies it? [While penning this, The Principles of English Grammar (25.), by the same author, has just been added to our list. It contains several valuable syntactical views and sound observations; and is worthy of the attention of the English scholar.] (26.) Paul's Grecian Antiquities; a familiar abridgement from acknowledged authorities, and consequently a desirable book for students. (27.) A Guide to Syllogism, &c. by the Rev. C. Wesley. A manual of logic, with examples of the method of teaching it at Cambridge. It is the merit of being brief and clear—a capital exercise for youthful ingenuity and talent.

Touching Poetry, we hardly know whether we should complain of the pain, or congratulate ourselves on the pleasure, it gives us. About one publication in 300 pays its expenses; the odd 299 delight the writers by seeing themselves in print. There are a certain consumption of stationery, printers' bills to be paid, a few advertisements with their stamp duties to increase the revenue; a great many private letters to friends with copies, and handsome complimentary answers in return; a few anxiously careful epistles, marked "private," to reviewers; and—as Hamlet, prince of Denmark, a great critic in his way, says—"the rest is silence." The following are small waifs and strays. Translations of the Oxford Latin Prize Poems, first series, by N. Lee Torre; a task hardly worth performing, though very creditably executed as an exercise in composition.—Pictures of the Past, by Thomas Brydson; proofs of good feeling and nature, thoughts well expressed.—St. John in Patmos, by one of the old living Poets of Great Britain; and long may he live, friend Bowles, an example of all that is amiable; but we cannot praise this late stringing of his harp: he has better tones left in it yet.—Hours of Reverie, by L. H. R. Coulter; a strange imitation of verbiage, by a lady obviously more accustomed to write in French than English. A victim of sensibility.—The Peasant's Poxy, by R. McBurnie—both a comma and a *tee* c to this Mac. Sensible verses, and some pretty rural descriptions. We have seen worse writers assume a much more imposing attitude.—Poems, Sacred and Miscellaneous, by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A. These have mostly appeared before in various periodsicals, and deserved to be collected, though they have not wherewithal to command a wide circulation.—Enigmatiques, Flora's Offering to the Young, by Mary Kerr Hart. We do not know what enigmatiques are—little enigma, we suppose; and can only say that Flora's Offering is published by Mr. Robins of Wyke Lane. Tear out the solutions, and here is a book for nice children.—The Death of Conanach, &c. Trifles of merit, as far as they go; but whether print and publish it—Matrimony, with other Poems, by a University Bachelor, who could, of course, know nothing about his subject. A Don-Juanish affair: clever—a little too free. In other times, and with more of originality, would have obtained more notices.—Albert, Consul of Rome, or the School for Reformers, an historical drama. A grand design, and in many parts forcibly and dramatically written. The plot is from Gibbon; and the author a sturdy conservative. The Plague Stayed, by the Rev. T. E. Hankinson, a well-composed Sentimental poem in the Spenserian stanza.—Poetical Pieces by M. A. Curling, a second edition, about the size of a slice of *sandwich*, and its merit proved by the sale of a first edition without a word from us. There is taste about the Cinque Ports (of which we in London know nothing.—The Sutties, by Percy Ashworth, an Oxford prep-school poem, on a popular subject, and feelingly treated. Songs of Sea Nymphs, &c. by T. Miller, a journeyman basket-maker of Nottingham, and evincing talent and cultivation above his sphere.—The Lash, by C. H. Fawcett, a young hair-dresser of the Arcade, and also a poet. It trims sundry barbers, and cuts like a razor. A Juvenal of the curling tongs is, at all events, a novelty which should be noticed.—A Walk in Sheldahl, by Two Eccentrics. Half verse and more than half (that is a bull) prose notes of a visit to Sheldahl. It would be facetious, but is not very successful.

If Education and Poesy send forth their numerous precepts and effusions, Religion and Theology are not silent in our day.

(1.) A Portrait of Modern Scepticism, by Dr. John Morrison, is a volume honourable to the learning and piety of this excellent divine, a Dissenter without a sectarian blot, but a sincere and energetic Christian, as this publication demonstrates.

(2.) Hartwell Horne's Manual of Prayers for the Afflicted is a book of balm and consolation under every species of sorrow.

(3.) The True Dignity of Human Nature, &c. by W. Davis, is also well calculated to lift the spirit of man above the transitory evils of this life, and point his aspirations to a sphere where trouble is unknown.

(4.) Christianity a Divine Revelation, &c. by R. Brad-

(25) pp. 164. Glasgow, Atkinson; London, Simpkin and Marshall. (26) pp. 294. Oxford.

(27) pp. 133. London, Bohn; Cambridge, Deighton; Oxford, Parker.

(1) pp. 271. Wesley and Davis.

(2) pp. 275. London, Cadell; Edinb. Blackwood.

(3) pp. 237. Holdsworth and Ball.

(4) pp. 136. Whitaker, Rivingtons, Hamilton; Manchester, Banks and Co.

(1) By Joseph Payne. Pp. 56. London, Stephens.

(2) Pp. 63. The first book of Telemachus does into English.

(3) Pp. 22. J. Souter. (4) Pp. 236.

(5) Pp. 51. Trevelack and Co., Dulau, &c.

(6) Pp. 106. Whitaker and Co.

(7) Pp. 38. J. Taylor. (8) Pp. 144. Hatchard and Son.

(9) Pp. 35. Paris. (10) pp. 24 and 68. Fellows.

(12) Pp. 206. (13) Pp. 114. Poole and Edwards.

(15, 16, 17) Pp. 123, 282, 210. Simpkin and Marshall.

(18) Pp. 232. Edinburgh, T. Ireland; Oliver and Boyd; London, Whitaker. (19) Pp. 162. Glasgow, Atkinson.

(20) 8vo. pp. 101. Whitaker.

(21) 12mo. Glasgow, Griffin and Co.; Lond. Tegg.

(22) 8vo. pp. 246. Whitaker.

(23) 12mo. pp. 292. Kirkby Lonsdale, A. Foster; London, J. Richardson.

(24) 8vo. pp. 98. Longman and Co.; Edinb. Tait; Glasgow, Atkinson, and Co.

leys; the best arguments against infidelity put in a very popular, and consequently very beneficial form.

(5) *The Pleasures of Religion*, &c. by the Rev. H. Stowell, A.M.; a poetical essay to allure to a brighter world; to which are added some pleasing miscellaneous productions.

(6) *Example, or Family Scenes*; moral tales, calculated to infuse a love of rectitude and virtue, by examples drawn from domestic life.

(7) *Discourses and Sacramental Address*, by the Rev. D.B. Barker, A.M.; earnest exhortations to Christian duties, expressed in very Scriptural language.

(8) *Sir T. Browne's Religio Medici*; a neat reprint of a justly celebrated work.

(9) *Twenty-four Tales of the English Church*. These contain some curious and interesting stories of early church history, and are well worth perusal; not merely for the doctrines they inculcate, but for the remarkable matters they relate, when abbots, priors, saints, popes, bishops, kings, &c. &c. travelled in affairs connected with the diffusion of the gospel, struggles for power and ascendancy, and many other strange things connected therewith.

(10) *Explanatory Lectures on the Gospel according to St. Matthew*, by the Rev. J. Penrose. An unassuming but excellent volume—plain in its expositions, and harmonious in its arrangements. These lectures may be read with advantage any where; and their preaching must have been a comfort both to Mr. Penrose and his hearers.

(To be continued.)

#### MEMOIR OF SIR D. BAIRD.

[Concluding Notice.]

It was our intention to have devoted, even after a continuation in three of our Numbers, a further portion of our space to this work; but we find later claims accumulate so fast upon us, that we are compelled to abandon it, leaving two-thirds of the last volume *un-epitomised*. We left Sir D. Baird in the command of the Cape of Good Hope, which he had conquered, and in improving the condition of which he was most successful. Among his other measures he sanctioned Sir Home Popham's expedition against South America; and the change of ministry at home, 1806-7, led to no favourable construction of his measures. He was recalled, and Sir Home tried by a court-martial and reprimanded. But when Sir David reached England, the Whig administration had been superseded; and he was soon after employed in the command of a division in the attack on Copenhagen. Here, as elsewhere, he greatly distinguished himself by his bravery and conduct, and was twice wounded. His next command was that of a camp of instruction formed in Ireland; whence he was selected to lead a British force into Spain, and proceeded with it to Coruña. The work here treats largely of his interesting correspondence with Sir John Moore, of the military events of that memorable period, and, finally, of the battle of Coruña, where his chief died the death of a hero, and he, the second in the field, was removed desperately wounded to the Ville de Paris, and had his arm extracted from its socket. The calm courage and serenity with which he submitted to this dreadful operation is touchingly described. Once more in England he was created a K.B. and afterwards a baronet; received the thanks of parliament, and was distinguished by many popular and public honours. He married Miss Preston, a daughter of the ancient family of Sir R. Preston, and subsequently resided on an estate derived from her in Perthshire. In August 1829 he died, and his widow erected a splendid monument to his memory; his biographer, with great appearance of justice, contending that he had amply merited a peerage from the government of the country he had served so faithfully and gloriously. He was an honest and gallant soldier: and history

(5) Pp. 148. Rivingtons, Hatchard.

(6) Pp. 244. Smith, Elder, and Co.

(7) Pp. 231. Rivingtons, Hatchard.

(8) Pp. 150. Oxford, Vincent.

(9) Pp. 324. Houlston and Son.

(10) Pp. 348. Rivingtons.

at least, instructed by these interesting volumes, will do honour to his merits.

*Constable's Miscellany*. Part LXXXVII. London, 1832. Whittaker; Edinburgh, Waugh and Innes.

THIS is a very pleasing volume—an original and selected *mélange* in various departments of literature, science, and the arts. Such productions, however, afford nothing for criticism, as they resemble the apothecaries' glasses, in presenting only changes of mixture, colour, and position. One is hardly better than another, and none can be read without interest and instruction. A neat vignette and fifteen appropriate wood-cuts illustrate this "guide to the observation of nature."

*Pompeii, Vol. II.: Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. London, 1832. Knight.

OR the first volume of this performance we spoke in the terms of warm approbation which it merited; and of the second we have only to repeat the same meed of praise. The series to which it belongs has not displayed any portion better executed, or more worthy of popular attention. Pompeii is a very interesting subject in itself, and still more so as an unburied link which connects ancient with modern times, and the earlier with the later habits, manners, and pursuits of mankind.

*Part VII. of Loudon's Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture*. London, Longman and Co.

IN this part Mr. Loudon continues his practical work most usefully. Every thing is so plain, that he who reads may act.

*Selections from the Old Testament, &c.* By Sarah Austin. 12mo. pp. 304. London, 1832. Wilson.

THE design of Mrs. Austin, in this excellent little volume, is to illustrate, in the words of the Authorised Version, the religion, morality, and poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, by bringing together, under appropriate heads, the most striking passages of the Old Testament. She has performed her humble but laborious task in a manner that reflects much credit on her heart and judgment. As a sacred lesson-book for children we have seen none to be compared to it. The compiler is entitled to the best thanks of the religious world, and especially of every parent.

*An Outline of a Plan for a new Circulating Medium*. By Gerard Graulhic. Pp. 31. Ridgway.

THOUGH we cannot in our present Number pay that attention to Mr. Graulhic's pamphlet which it deserves, yet the extraordinary and novel nature of the proposition it offers for public consideration forbids us from passing it over in silence. As copper was succeeded by silver, silver by gold, gold by bills of exchange and paper money, in representing the value of commodities, as productiveness increased and commerce became extended; so, he argues, there ought now to be a circulating medium of greater intrinsic worth in smaller compass, to meet the augmented and multiplied wants of mankind. In diamonds and precious stones he thinks he has discovered that desideratum; and his pamphlet is altogether so curious, that we will, as soon as we can, bring its details and reasoning more fully under the notice of our readers.

*Political Economy, Nos. X. and XI. Homes Abroad. For Each and for All.* By Harriet Martineau. London, 1832. Charles Fox.

AGAIN and again do we cordially recommend these volumes to universal perusal; they are graphic and vivid pictures of England as it is, conveying information in its most popular form—narrative; and whether we dissent from or agree in the inference drawn and the remedy proposed, we cannot but admit the extraordinary talent displayed, and the mass of intelligence collected. We are overcrowded with productions of a far more temporary nature, or would have quoted some striking scenes; but these are works to be read as a whole, from the first number to the last.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

ON Tuesday evening Mr. Aikin delivered the second illustration this season. The subject was, "On the solid substances used for artificial light, and on the manufacture of candles." Mr. Aikin took a view of his subject from the fabled fire of Prometheus down to the last invented patent composition, spermaceti and wax, candle made in England. Of course it is not our intention to follow the lecturer through his practical details (though it may disappoint our readers in the ward of Candle-wick); we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the following notes of the illustration. At an early period, in the valleys of the Euphrates and Nile, those cradles of civilisation and the arts, trees of a resinous sort were first used for light, and long afterwards there was no other substitute in many parts of Europe. Of the introduction of tallow candles we are not sufficiently informed. In 1829 no fewer than 58,000 tons of tallow were imported from Russia; and in the same year double that quantity was manufactured at home. The latter is found, observed Mr. A., to be a palatable and wholesome food for poultry; and ducks fattened on it are esteemed delicacies. A quantity of air and water are held in solution in all candles which have not been kept for some time: hence those made in March are better than others, evaporation having taken place before they are generally required for use, owing to the length of the day. Of spermaceti, 7,000 tons were brought to England last year. This substance is erroneously supposed to be found in the cranium of the *physeter macrocephalus*, or long-headed whale: it is the fat of the animal. Formerly, and, indeed, not long since, spermaceti was only used as a medicine, and annually many tons of it were thrown into the Thames as useless, the quantity brought to this country being so much more than was required for medical purposes. It has become very valuable since its application by the tallow-chandlers; by whom, in the manufacture of candles, it is mixed with tallow or wax, to render it fit for working; pure spermaceti being exceedingly pliable when in the solid state—a block of it, which lay on the table, was an aggregate of longitudinal crystals. Of wax there was imported last year 460 tons, chiefly from Mogadore, Russia, the Netherlands, France, and other countries.

##### MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

AT the last meeting a new antidote in cases of hydrophobia was announced, upon the authority of Sir Anthony Carlisle. It is the juice of a South American plant, belonging to the genus *Cactus*, a family of plants harmless in their character, and to which belong the

common fig and the melon-thistle, often used as food for cattle when grass is scarce. Sir Anthony had received several bottlesful of the liquid, with assurances of its efficacy. He states that it is administered to the unfortunate patient by pouring it down his throat, as he stands perpendicularly buried to the chin in the earth: this part of the process, however, is not indispensably necessary to a cure. Sir Anthony expressed his readiness to attend with any of the members of the Society who belonged to the medical profession, should a case of hydrophobia occur in their practice, in order to ascertain the properties of the liquid.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5.—Mr. Murchison, president, in the chair. Several fellows were elected. A paper by Mr. Gideon Mantell was read on the Saurian remains, found by the author, at various times, in the Tilgate Forest, Sussex; but more particularly on a new animal belonging to the same tribe, and lately discovered by him. The paper was illustrated by many specimens, including the recently found reptile, and numerous drawings.

#### METEOROLOGY.

ON Thursday evening last, at five minutes after six, a beautiful and exceedingly brilliant meteor was observed proceeding from the zenith, in a southerly direction, taking its course through the square of Pegasus. It disappeared a few degrees east of Jupiter, in a dense bank of clouds that had rapidly accumulated above the southern horizon. The head or nucleus of the meteor was of a spindle form, about 5° in diameter, and of an intensely vivid violet colour: this was connected with, and followed by a long train, upwards of twenty degrees in length, scarcely inferior to the nucleus in brightness, and of the same phosphorescent colour; the train was wider near the middle than at the extremity, and the whole was well defined. It left behind it a track of light, like a coruscation of the Aurora Borealis, which continued visible in the square of Pegasus for two minutes after the meteor had disappeared. Its motion was accompanied with a faint rushing sound, like that produced by a stream of air.

Depford.

J. T. BARKER.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

J. W. LUBBOCK, Esq. in the chair. The following communications were read. First, a letter from Sir James South to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, on the extensive atmosphere of Mars, from recent observations satisfactorily made with the large equatorial telescope. Sir James South is led to conclude, that some physical change has occurred in the atmosphere of this primary planet, or that the opinions of certain writers on the subject, hitherto considered as authorities by astronomers, are erroneous. Second, a brief memoir by Dr. Ritchie, of the London University, on the beautiful discoveries of Dr. Faraday in magneto-electric induction, so frequently noticed during the last session in the *Literary Gazette*. Third, an account of extraordinary meteors seen on the night of the 12th Nov. last, near the seat of Sir Robert Wigram, (the name of the place was unheard): the author of this paper observed in the heavens, on the night stated, a sudden burst of light, exhibited in a well-defined line, which gradually assumed a thin nebulous appearance as it wasted away: it was, at the same time, distorted and twisted in a very

remarkable manner: after ascending a hill, he distinctly saw three or four meteors shooting along the heavens at one time; in the course of a few minutes he counted no fewer than forty-eight, whose magnitudes varied from the magnitudes of Mars or Jupiter, down to that of a Roman candle. The whole scene was described as one of great magnificence; the meteors were considered very different from those vulgarly called shooting stars.

Mr. Lubbock read the draft of an address of thanks to the King for continuing the gold medals of George IV.; it expressed an assurance that the Society, by its adjudication of the medals, would shew that this splendid instance of regal favour had not been bestowed in vain by his Majesty.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

DEC. 6.—Mr. Hallam in the chair. Messieurs De Gerville, De Caumont, and Professor C. O. Müller, were elected honorary members. John Smith, Esq. communicated a paper, accompanying several impressions of ancient seals of the Bishops of Glasgow. R. W. Hamilton, Esq. V. P. exhibited several drawings of Roman antiquities lately found on Lancing Down, Sussex: under the head of a human skeleton were discovered the bones of a cock! A cock was the sacrifice, we believe, peculiar to Esculapius. W. B. Whetton, Esq. transmitted an impression of the inscription on a Roman votive altar lately found at Manchester. It is remarkable for mentioning the vexillation of cavalry, composed of the Norici, and some other auxiliary people, the termination only of whose name remained perfect, owing to the altar having been fractured. Mr. Whetton thinks they were the Rheti; but we do not see how it is possible to read the inscription with reference to them. The impression gives the imperfect line distinctly thus: . . . METORVM ET NORICORVM; the termination *metorum* must be the genitive plural of the appellative above mentioned.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

FIRST MEETING of the session.—T. H. Baber, Esq. in the chair. A great number and variety of donations were announced as having been received since the last session from nearly fifty different individuals and institutions. The Hon. East India Company presented an exceedingly valuable collection of standard oriental works, including F. Johnson's edition of Richardson's Arabic and Persian Dictionary; Roebuck's edition of the Burham i Kati; Lumsden's Arabic and Persian Grammars; Vans Kennedy's Mahratta Dictionary, &c. &c. The thanks of the meeting were specially voted to the court of directors for this liberal addition to the Society's library. Among the other donations were a series of the works published by the Société Asiatique de Paris, presented by the Society; a collection of philological works from the presses of the Church Missionary Society in Ceylon, Malta, and London, presented by the Society; a very curious and unique facsimile of a roll, upwards of twenty-five feet in length, representing the system of the Sabaeans, or Christians of St. John, brought to Europe by F. Ignatius à Jesu, the first person who published any account of this sect. It is deposited in the archives of the Propaganda at Rome; and this facsimile of it was made with the permission of Pope Leo XII., at the expense of Dr. Wiseman, by whom it was presented, together with a MS. on palm leaves, to the Society.

The paper read was communicated by the

Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Trincomalee, and comprised remarks on the coincidences to be found between some of the principal deities worshipped at the present day by the Hindus, and those adored in ancient times by the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. Mr. Roberts drew many illustrations of his opinions on this subject from the records of Scripture, and finally arrives at the conclusion, that in the instances which he has adduced, there exist so many and such striking resemblances, as to manifest a clear identity of origin.

The attention of the meeting was directed to the arctic expedition for ascertaining, if possible, the fate of Capt. Ross, and subscription lists were ordered to be laid on the table.

#### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Oct. 11th.—The following degrees were conferred:

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. J. C. Stafford, Fellow of Magdalen.

*Master of Arts*.—Rev. K. E. Money, Oriel College, Preliminary of Hereford.

Oct. 12th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. W. Hunt, Wadham College; T. Halton, Brasenose College; F. Biscoe, Rev. H. Partington, Students of Christ Church.

*Bachelor of Arts*.—F. H. Talmay, Magdalen Hall.

Oct. 25th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—C. W. Puller, Christ Church, Rev. J. D. Shafto, Brasenose College, Grand Compounds; J. B. Hall, Student, A. A. Holden, Rev. C. Baring, Christ Church; T. Twiss, Fellow of University College; E. Parker, Oriel College; Rev. R. Morgan, Scholar, Rev. W. Bowling, Jesus College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—Hon. J. T. Pelham, Christ Church; W. Reed, Queen's College; T. F. Barker, Brasenose College; W. F. White, A. Menzies, Scholar of Trinity College.

In a convocation holden the same day, G. Bland, M.A. of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, was admitted an *auditor*.

Oct. 31st.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Divinity*.—Rev. W. Jackson, late Fellow of Queen's College.

*Masters of Arts*.—D. Vawdrey, Fellow of Brasenose College; Rev. F. E. Beadon, Oriel College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Niblett, Exeter College; J. H. Murray, Worcester College.

Nov. 7th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelors of Arts*.—The Earl of Lincoln, Christ Church, Grand Compound; W. H. Howley, New College; H. Blackall, Student of Christ Church; C. B. Brown, Trinity College.

Nov. 15th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. E. R. Berens, St. Mary Hall; Rev. J. Bell, University College; Rev. E. Ashe, Balliol College; Rev. R. M. Ashe, Trinity College; Rev. T. Pattenon, Exeter College; Rev. E. Meade, Wadham College; Rev. H. Plesher, Lincoln College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—G. Scott, Exeter College; T. Hughes, Balliol College, Grand Compounds; N. F. Chudleigh, W. de Pipe Belcher, G. W. S. Meateath, Magdalen Hall; E. Golding, W. R. Grove, Brasenose College; G. B. Twining, University College; the Marquess of Douglas, J. R. Hope, A. H. D. Acland, H. Glynn, T. A. Mabery, E. S. Lewis, J. d'Aleck, Christ Church; J. L. Popham, T. G. Bussell, J. Wille, Wadham College; J. Davies, Jesus College; R. H. Gooden, Queen's College; J. P. Kison, N. F. Lightfoot, J. Bramall, W. Sheppard, J. F. E. B. Pollock, W. B. Trower, T. Yard, Exeter College; T. L. Trotter, Lincoln College; F. W. W. Martin, T. Simkinson, R. F. B. Richards, E. F. Smith, Balliol College; G. G. Waddington, H. Hill, Fellows of New College; G. B. Caffin, St. John's College; T. R. James, T. Carter, Worcester College; F. P. Sockett, R. W. James, W. Hooker, W. Pridden, Pembroke College.

Nov. 23d.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—T. Shaw, Brasenose College, Grand Compound; Rev. H. Purrier, Worcester College; R. W. Goodenough, Student of Christ Church.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—R. J. Uniacke, St. Alban Hall; W. H. M. Atkins, M. Mitchell, A. E. C. Strickland, University College; G. Garbett, E. Jones, Scholars, E. S. University, Brasenose College; A. B. Orlebar, Scholar of Lincoln College; S. H. Walker, Fellow, C. Marriot, Scholar of Balliol College; T. Batchelor, W. B. Bradford, Magdalen Hall; T. V. Carr, Merton College; G. Candey, Exeter College.

Nov. 29th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—J. Spink, Grand Compound, Wadham College; Rev. J. J. Vaughan, A. Mangies, Merton College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—C. Boys, Scholar, Merton College; W. Harrison, Scholar, Brasenose College; T. W. Allen, J. P. Kelgwin, Scholars, H. F. Cheshire, Wadham College; G. T. Clare, Fellow, St. John's College; W. Froude, Oriel College.

Dec. 6th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. D. J. George, Scholar of Jesus College; Rev. E. A. Waller, Rev. G. D. Grundy, Brasenose College; Rev. W. Drake, Lincoln College; Rev. J.



King, Balliol College; Rev. A. D. Stacpoole, Fellow of New College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—R. J. Harvey, St. Alban Hall; G. H. Somerset, St. Mary Hall; J. D. Giles, Exhibitioner; R. G. Macmillan, Scholar of Corpus Christi College; W. Pearson, Scholar of University College; J. W. M. Berry, Brasenose College; J. W. Macdonald, Christ Church; A. J. P. Lutyche, E. Wear, Queen's College; S. C. Denison, Scholar of Balliol College; W. H. Lushington, W. Spooner, Oriel College.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—R. J. St. Aubyn, J. G. Bellingham, C. J. Stock, Trinity College; T. N. Grigg, F. A. Glover, St. Peter's College; J. R. Bogue, Christ's College; J. Barry, Queen's College.

Oct. 14th.—The following degrees were conferred:—  
*Masters of Arts*.—C. Lestourgeon, Trinity College; A. A. Barker, Compounder, St. Peter's College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Hibbert, R. H. Wilkinson, Fellows, King's College; G. W. Barron, St. John's College; G. P. Bennett, Catharine Hall.

Oct. 24th.—The Senatorial prize for the best poem on "the Plague stayed," was awarded to the Rev. T. E. Hankinson, M.A. Corpus Christi College.

Nov. 10th.—The subject of the Norrison prize-essay for the ensuing year is, "The conduct and preaching of the Apostles an evidence of the truth of Christianity."

The following degrees were conferred:—

*Honorary Master of Arts*.—T. S. Rice, Trinity College.  
*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. R. Bond, Corpus Christi College; Rev. W. Butler, Rev. W. Sidgwick, Trinity College; R. Buckley, St. Peter's College.

*Bachelor in Civil Law*.—Rev. H. J. Williams, St. John's College.

*Bachelor in Physic*.—G. Shann, Trinity College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—W. Hodgson, J. C. Umpleby, Queen's College.

Nov. 14th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. C. Davies, St. John's College.

*Honorary Master of Arts*.—Hon. R. Devereux, Downing College.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. J. Wollen, Rev. W. J. Dampier, St. John's College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—A. Brookings, G. Bateman, Trinity College; W. Purdon, D. L. Hoichkin, St. John's College; R. T. Bolton, Clare Hall; E. Nettleship, Corpus Christi College; T. Albutt, W. Rogers, Catharine Hall.

Nov. 28th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Physic*.—J. Johnstone, Trinity College.

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. G. Wilkinson, St. John's College.

*Honorary Master of Arts*.—Hon. W. C. W. Fitzwilliam, Trinity College.

*Masters of Arts*.—J. W. Lubbock, L. Thompson, Compounders, S. Marindin, Trinity College; P. W. Ray, Clare Hall; W. P. Hulton, Downing College.

*Bachelors in Civil Law*.—W. Lowndes, Compounder, Rev. R. M. Hope, Rev. H. B. Hall, Trinity Hall; T. Wigram, Trinity College.

*Bachelor of Arts*.—W. J. Havart, St. John's College.

## FINE ARTS.

### PANORAMA OF STIRLING.

By the painter's natural magic and sleight of hand, the visitor to this beautiful panorama finds himself suddenly transported from the flat and dull monotony of the streets of London to a scene as noble and picturesque as the island affords. The drawings of Glover, Robson, and other artists, may have given to those who have not been at the place, some notion of the magnificent and diversified prospect from Stirling Castle; but a representation of the entire circle was necessary to render that notion an adequate one. The sketches from which the panorama was painted, were made in the present year, and were taken from the outer court of the castle. "The view from this spot," it is justly observed in the description of the panorama, "is generally allowed to be one of the finest in Scotland; most extensive, rich, and striking; and commanding in every direction, which cannot fail of being in the highest degree pleasing to the lovers of the bold and picturesque, and of exciting the most intense interest in the minds of those acquainted with the stirring incidents of Scottish history, from the extraordinary events, and singular vicissitudes, of which it has been the scene, no less than twelve fields of battle, including three great ones fought by the two first Edwards, being distinctly visible. Looking over the town, towards the east, is a vast plain, nearly forty miles in extent, called

the Carse of Stirling, luxuriant, and fertile in quiet and rich beauty; through which Forth meanders, forming a multitude of the most beautiful peninsulas, in parts approximating so closely as to leave an isthmus of only a few yards; in this direction are seen Alloa, Clackmannan, Falkirk, the Firth of Forth, and the country as far as Edinburgh, and the Pentland hills; towards the south appear St. Ninian's, Bannockburn, the Torwood, and the Carron, bounded by the green hills of Campsie; towards the west are the extensive and fertile plains of Menteith, distinguished for the beautiful and sublime scenes they present, bounded by the gloomy and majestic Grampians; Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and Ben Venn, being conspicuous from their great height and fantastic forms; and on the north are the famous ruins of Cambuskenneth, and the precipitous Abbey Craig, beyond which are the richly cultivated and romantic vale of Devon; the moor on which the battle of Dunblain was fought; and the Ochill hills, rising in all the varied forms of blooming heath and lively verdure, overtopped by the summits of some of the loftier hills of Perthshire. It is impossible to imagine a landscape more interesting, grand, and picturesque. To use the words of Sir Walter Scott,

"—the whole might seem  
The scenery of a fairy dream."

The various beautiful and romantic features of this extensive and celebrated view are depicted with the greatest truth and effect; and are enlivened by the introduction of a number of figures, especially of an animated group, near the foreground, representing the annual meeting of the Highland Society, which "has been established some years, for the purpose of preserving the language, costume, music, gymnastic sports, and martial games of the ancient Caledonians." We understand that this fine work, which is in every respect a production of sterling merit, was executed in the comparatively short space of four months.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Crombie, LL.D. F.R.S.*

*M.R.S.L. A Miniature painted by W. Booth.*

Lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.

THE numerous friends of the esteemed and worthy individual here represented (and few men, we believe, have secured a wider circle by the consistent practice of the amiable qualities and higher virtues which adorn humanity, during a long life) will have a great treat in this most speaking likeness. The engraving is enlarged from the original, which reflects the highest credit on Mr. Booth's talent; and is executed with all the fidelity and taste which distinguishes Mr. Lane's productions. The ample brow, the large and intellectual eyes, and all the mild though striking features, are perfectly given; and we can truly say, that we never saw a superior work of the style of art to which it belongs.

*Melrose Abbey by Moonlight.* Drawn and engraved by T. M. Richardson. Newcastle. This print is "inscribed as a tribute, &c. to the memory of Sir Walter Scott," which, indeed, can have little to do with it as a publication of art.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aight,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,

no doubt consecrates this interesting ruin; but, by a similar rule, a thousand objects might be made sacred to the remembrance of the bard who has immortalised them. The

abbeys in this part of Scotland—Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, Jedburgh, &c.—were accurately and finely done some years since by W. Wilson; but still the present is a timely and pleasing production, even though the best feature, the celebrated Prentice window, is cut in two and thrown back, from the point of view chosen by the artist.

*Twenty-one Illustrations to Turner's Annual Tour for 1833. Moon, Boys, and Graves.*

WE are sure that none of our readers will suppose, because we have occasionally indulged in a laugh at some of Mr. Turner's extraordinary vagaries as an artist, that we are insensible to his merits. There is no man living—are there many of the dead?—entitled to rank with him in the highest qualities of that branch of the arts which is his peculiar vocation. When he is in his proper element, and when he chooses, no man has ever communicated more of the most refined poetic feeling to the productions of his pencil. Others are landscape-painters: Mr. Turner is much more. By his profound knowledge, and by his masterly management of effect, he frequently imparts to an ordinary view a character of beauty, or of grandeur, with which many in vain endeavour to invest the finest scenery in the world. What then must be the result, when the character of his subjects corresponds with that of his genius? We answer, by referring to the fascinating little collection of plates under our notice; on every one of which the eye and the mind may dwell long and often, without satiety. It is evident that the engravers, Messrs. J. B. Allen, R. Brandard, T. Higham, T. Jeavons, W. Miller, W. Radcliffe, W. R. Smith, R. Wallis, and J. T. Willmore, have exerted themselves to the utmost to do justice to Mr. Turner's conceptions; and while they have bestowed the most exquisite finish on the various details, have never forgotten that much more valuable and important consideration, the *tout ensemble*. Were we to select some of those which appear to us to be the brightest stars of the constellation, we should name—"Amboise," "Clairmont," "St. Julian's, Tours," "Between Clairmont and Mauves," "Saumur," "Tours," "Nantes," "Blois," "Montjen," "Beaujency," "Orleans," "The Canal of the Loire and Cher," "Château Hamelin;"—but we must check ourselves, or we shall go through the whole portfolio.

*Gulf's Plates of the Anatomy of the Horse.*  
Part I.

To the veterinary surgeon these folio plates must be inestimably serviceable. They are thirty-five in number, and contain the most elaborate representations of the various parts of the noble animal, the skilful treatment of which in disease they are so well calculated to promote. An explanatory octavo volume, in English and German, accompanies them.

*Finden's Illustrations to the Works of Lord Byron.* Part IX. Murray; Tilt.

As beautiful as its predecessors: more so it could not be. The plates are, "Cape Leucadia," from a drawing by Copley Fielding; "Venice," from a drawing by J. D. Harding, after a sketch by Lady Scott; "Cork Convent, near Cintra," from a drawing by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., after a sketch by Captain Elliot; "Castle of Ferrara," from a drawing by S. Prout; "Ianthie," from a drawing by R. Westall, R.A., after the original picture painted at the request of Lord Byron; "Petrarch's Tomb, Arqua," from a drawing by G. Catter-

mole; and "Seville," the name of the draftsman of which does not appear. With the exception of "The Castle of Ferrara," which is engraved by T. Higham, and "Ianthé," which is engraved by W. Finden, they are all engraved by E. Finden. Among the views we have no particular favourite; they appear to us to be equally charming; but we were especially struck with the happy manner in which groups of figures are introduced into "Venice," "Pe-trarch's Tomb," and "The Castle of Ferrara." The head of "Ianthé" is full of ethereal grace and loveliness.

*The Popular Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Persons.* Engraved by Messrs. Branson and Wright; illustrated with Biographical Sketches. Part I.

ALTHOUGH we fear that wood will never furnish means for the production of perfectly satisfactory portrait, we confess our surprise at the exceedingly moderate price at which the publishers of this work are bringing it out. Of the six heads which this part contains, the best is that of young Napoleon, the worst that of his father. The others are heads of Sir Walter Scott, Earl Grey, Lord Byron, and Lord Brougham. They all possess a certain degree of resemblance.

*The Courier.* Painted by W. Kidd; engraved by W. Carlos. Ackermann and Co. This ludicrous print represents two boys (the hindmost a chimney-sweeper) galloping on an ass from a prize-fight in the distance, and donkey and riders alike displaying by their countenances the interest they take in the business. The execution is very fair, and the design likely to be popular in the sporting circles, chiefly addressed by it, as well as in amateur variorum collections.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY. EPILOGUE.\*

*Prompter's bell—Prompter calling,  
"Mrs. Humby, Mrs. Humby."  
Enter Mrs. HUMBY, O.P. putting on an apron,  
and adjusting her dress.*  
WELL, well! bless me! Why, what a clatter;  
I'm half undress'd—pray, what's the matter?  
The curtain's down—the comedy is o'er—  
I'm sure I can't be wanted any more.  
*Going to Prompter.*  
What is it? Eh? The epilogue to speak?  
Bless me! to learn it I shall take a week.  
There's Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Jones, Miss Cawse—  
Pray, send for them—they'll gain you more  
applause.  
Gone home!—upon my word, in each mishap,  
Poor Mrs. Humby must fill up the gap.  
'Tis always thus, I think—Do this, do that,  
As though poor I, in every part, was pat.  
Play, farce, or interlude—nowhere, now there—  
'Tis little Humby here, and there, and every  
where.  
In short, they seem to think poor Mrs. Humby  
Can play you every single thing—but dummy!  
Well, if I must—What subject shall I take,  
On which this stupid epilogue to make?  
I have it, sirs! and, if you've no objections,  
I'll say a word or two about elections;  
And canvass all who warm and snugly sit  
In gallery, in boxes, and in pit.  
For, in these days, it is a thing of note,  
That every single he who wears a coat—  
And he without one—can command a vote.

\* We have been favoured with a copy of the epilogue written by Mr. Beazley, and intended for the new comedy. Though not spoken, we think it too good to be lost.—  
Ed. L. G.

All save the women in this boon rejoice:  
How strange that woman only wants a voice!  
For my part, though, I'll never be contented.  
Until King, Lords, and Commons, have con-  
sented  
To have each present Miss—Mis-represented!  
Then, in the Commons, men would be the  
weaker,  
For every woman would set up for Speaker.  
Gloves, fans, and lace, that tempt the female  
starkers,  
Should be as free from duty—as their wearers;  
And we, by a majority of voices, then,  
Would soon, good dames, tax nothing but the  
men—  
Tax them with folly—tax their folly, too;  
Tax lovers with their falsehood, when untrue.  
By means like these, the people of our nation  
Could ne'er complain of an unfair taxation;  
Since, did we tax the follies of the day,  
There's not a man that would not have to  
pay.  
But hold—I had forgot—you represent  
To-night our great dramatic parliament.  
You are the fair dispensers of those laws  
Which still maintain the drama's sinking cause.  
A homely welcome for a foreign bard  
I seek; and pray, sirs, tax him not too hard  
For all the venial errors of his play—  
For if you rate him much, he'll never pay.  
Your votes then now are in his favour pray'd  
for—  
Quite independent, though your seats are paid  
for!

#### DRAMA. DRURY LANE.

On Tuesday appeared the new comedy, *Men of Pleasure*, by Don Telesforo de Trueba. It certainly has some of the pleasures of memory, but is an agreeable rifacimento, and the scenes are carried along with both animation and interest. There is matrimony in all its branches; one couple to be re-united, another to be parted, and a third to be joined together by what is now-a-days confined to the stage, viz. an elope-ment, (we mean as far as single ladies are concerned—it is the mother, not the daughter, who runs away). The serious part is the best, and is taken from Mézères' well-written play, *Chacun de son Côté*. Macready, as the husband, lessened by bitter experience into repentance, gave the expression of equal truth and feeling; while Miss Phillips, who both looked and acted most sweetly, resented with most spirit, and forgave with much tenderness. We never heard Macready's voice in greater music; the melody and pathos of his tones were alone enough to obtain the pardon for which he pleaded. The plot of Lord and Lady Bellenden's separation and reparation somewhat reminds us of Mrs. Gore's *Separate Maintenance*, though we believe the original hint for both play and tale is to be found in a French comedy. There were some very amusing detached scenes: one, where a French cook, well acted by Balls, is mistaken by some rich parvenues for a French count destined as a lover for their daughter, was exceedingly amusing; the personal caricature of the dress, imitating the costume of a well-known foreign nobleman now in London, instantly told. Farren had a good character, which he made still better; a husband who "adores his wife in private, but must in public follow the fashion." The scene where he hands her into the chaise waiting for herself and lover, and his bribing the post-boy to drive fast, never for a moment misdoubting his own interest in

the lady, was as new as it was comic. Sir Maurice O'Driscoll had nothing to do but to be entertaining, and in that Power effectually succeeded. The piece proceeded amid much laughter, and deep attention to the graver scenes; and it was not till after the curtain fell, that a noisy and partial opposition commenced. The ayes, however, had it; and on the second night of its performance, curtailed and improved, it was completely successful. Some coarse expressions, which had called down marked and just disapprobation the first night, were omitted; and we take this opportunity of expressing our surprise that such should ever have been hazarded—but in this respect the stage is singularly behind the taste of the age. We conclude by observing, that the ladies were very badly dressed. Miss Phillips' ball-dress cannot be too soon discarded. We must also say, that the mazurka ought to be danced—it would be eminently successful.

A farce called the *Election* was revived, and d—d most justly, on Thursday.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

ON Monday *Virginius* was performed at this house; and, with one or two exceptions, we can neither compliment the manager for the getting up, nor the actors on the manner in which it was performed. Mr. Sheridan Knowles played *Virginius*, and a most unequal performance it was—scarcely a scene without its beauties, but sadly overpowered by blemishes, and altogether very inferior to either his *Hunchback* or *William Tell*. Warde was perfect as *Den-tatus*; and Ellen Tree portrayed *Virginia* to the life. Of the rest, bad was the best.

#### ADELPHI.

A NOVELTY, called the *Owl's Nest*, has been added to the already rich stock of nightly entertainments at this theatre. Its main support is in Reeve, a sort of *Caleb Quotem* character, and he is highly amusing throughout.

#### OLYMPIC.

A NEW piece at this theatre, under the title of *P. Q.* affords Mrs. Orger a fine opportunity for displaying her versatile talents. She assumes a variety of disguises, and is very clever and very laughable in them all. We wanted something good to make amends for the absence of Liston—unfortunately, for the lovers of true comic humour, on the sick-list.

#### UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

*Drury Lane.* Dec. 8.—Mrs. Glover of late indulges much in gag. *Til's* bonnet in *Second Thoughts* is ever a prolific source. In the *Clandestine Marriage*, as Mrs. Heidelberg, having forced Miss Cawse (as the chambermaid) on her knees, she said, "Do you know nothing of Sir John's intended elopement with Fanny? No, I suppose you have enough to do to take care of those ringlets of yours!" Here she pulled Miss C.'s ringlets, and shook her till she knocked the candle out of its holder; and on Miss C.'s endeavouring to replace it, went on with "Leave off fumbling that filthy candle, and answer me," &c. Cooper as the *Brigand*, which the actors respectively call *Briggand*, *Brigande*, and *Brigong*, was so confused, that he corrected and recorrected nearly every word he spoke. "He will return at sunset, rise, sunset." "The grasping steward of St. Arsaph, Arnsdorf, Arnolds, &c. What can be more absurd than the breaking of the hollow stick, out of which fall nine or ten round pieces of tin, to represent "from nine to ten thousand ducats?"

**Covent Garden.** Dec. 10.—In *Virginius* the form scene is twice exhibited; but as *Virginius* doth not, as *Mungo* says, "kill her two time," the shop with the knife in it is erected on the second exhibition of the scene only. It is very clever and considerate of the shopman to foresee and provide for the necessities of the Roman father. Mr. Knowles knows but little of stage business, and slew his daughter so completely beyond the scope of the curtain, that I feared she must inevitably be shut out; Mrs. Vining, however, as *Servia*, and a carpenter, as himself, came forward and literally dragged her several feet back along the baize, barely rescuing her at last. When *Claudius* and his abettors were trying to establish the point that *Virginius* was not the daughter of *Virginius*, a man uprose in the pit, and with the voice of a Stentor, bawled out, "Why whose daughter is she then?" The effect was electric; the whole of the audience and the actors turned to the spot whence the query came; and amidst an uproar which put the play, at the utmost pitch of its interest, to a dead stand still for many minutes, the interested but inconsiderate inquirer was dragged neck and heels out of the house. *Appius* and *Virginius* once more fixed their angry eyes upon each other, and the fair object of the inquiry sank again into the fainting fit from which she had awoke to gaze and listen at the audience part of the performance. The friends of *Virginius* wore their mourning over their togas, so that they looked like walking bundles of raiment, more especially *Julius* (Vining), whose mourning literally and truly consisted of a brown street cloak, with a velvet collar of the year 32. Why, when an actor is called forward, after playing a principal part, does he come on puffing and blowing, and looking as if he could scarcely move, stand, or breathe? If his part had been half an hour longer, if it had contained another energetic speech or two, with energetic action, before it was over, he would have gone through them with unabated force; but the mere circumstance of the curtain having come down, and a quarter of a minute having elapsed, almost incapacitates him from hobbling three or four steps, and gasping out "L-l-ladies a-a-a-and gen—". All theatricals know what the puffing system is—this should be distinguished as the blowing system; it originated, I think, with Charles Kemble.

**Drury Lane.** Dec. 11.—There is the funniest little soldier in *St. Patrick's Eve* you ever saw. It is made of pasteboard, and walks to and fro *à la distance* as a sentinel; but, being quite flat, whenever he turns round, he vanishes for a minute altogether, like Hood's spilt child, which was mashed so flat that, when picked up, the spectators did not see it at all, because the nurse held it edgeways towards them!

#### VARIETIES.

**Arctic Expedition.**—We rejoice to learn that the subscription for this patriotic expedition proceeds auspiciously, though, perhaps, hardly sufficient means have been taken to bring it fully into public notice. The City of London, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, and, above all, the Hudson's Bay Company, have come forward in the noblest manner to support it. Captain Back will probably set out on his interesting mission next month, with the heartfelt good-wishes of his country to cheer him on his difficult and perilous way. Certainly there never was a journey

so much calculated to excite public sympathy, whether we consider the general object, or the individual devotedness to attain it.

**The Abbotsford Subscription.**—It will be seen by the advertisement in our paper to-day, that the Abbotsford Subscription is proceeding with steady steps to the wished-for conclusion, even in the midst of the elections, so much engrossing public attention. The managing committee have, we believe, adjourned for the holidays; but this does not impede the progress of the good work.

**Duchess of Berry.**—As a commentary on the narrative in our last, a medal has been shewn to us, which was struck on the occasion of the birth of the Duke of Bourdeaux. On one side is represented the mother, in a Greek costume and on a Greek couch, holding up an infant amid rays of light from the upper circle: around, the legend, *Dieux nous donne*: below the couch, at the top of which is a bust of the murdered prince, is inscribed "*Nos cœurs et nos bras sont à lui.*" On the other side is an armed angel, trampling on a monster, half human, half dragon, holding a torch in one hand and a dagger in the other. Date, 29th Sept. 1820. It is of copper, and cleverly executed.

**Capt. Lyon.**—It is with great regret we have to notice the death of this intelligent and meritorious officer, who died in the Emulous, on his voyage home to England.

**Professor Rask.**—Literature has lost one of its greatest ornaments by the death of Professor Rask, of which accounts have reached us from Copenhagen. He was not inferior to the first philologists of the age, and his entire life was devoted to the most useful inquiries connected with human knowledge.

**Grimaldi, jun.**—The newspapers contain a notice of the death of this Clown, clever by descent, and full of activity. It seems that he had impaired his health by continual dissipation, and died after a very short illness.

**Buddhist Temple.**—We can only notice this very interesting exhibition, of which we shall give a more detailed account in our next. A genuine Buddhist Temple, with all its accessories, is an object of great curiosity and instruction.

**Pocket-Books.**—We are called upon to notice every sort of publication; and among the rest, we have now several pocket-books under our eye. Messrs. Suttaby's list contains twenty-one of these variously useful productions, with ten under the name of Marshall's, and an addenda of six others; in all thirty-seven! Those before us are, 1. *Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum-Book* (from Sudbury); a very neat and well-arranged pocket-book. Enigmas, pretty original poetry (the first piece, on a dying child, by Mr. Fulcher himself we suspect from the initials, is very natural and pathetic), by B. Barton, Mary Howitt, &c.; and selections from sweet and graceful writers, are its great recommendations to popular favour. 2. *Marshall's Cabinet of Fashion* is numerously embellished with well-selected cuts; and its literature is of prose sketches, poems, songs, &c.; and music, with some useful tables. 3. *Le Souvenir*. The ornaments, historical and landscape, at the tops of the pages, have original merit; the almanac is right, and the tables, lists of sovereigns, parliament, officers of state, &c. as ample as any we have seen. 4. *Ladies' Polite Remembrancer*. Quite a young lady's book—pretty poetry, soft and sweet engravings, selections from recent works, and accounts of fairs, monarchs, bankers, stamps, &c.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dr. Boott is preparing for publication, in two octavo volumes, to be published in January, a *Memoir of the Life and Medical Opinions of Dr. Armstrong*, late Physician of the Fever Institution of London, and Author of *Practical Illustrations of Typhus and Scarlet Fever*: to which will be added, an inquiry into the Facts connected with those Forms of Fever attributed to Malaria and Marsh Effluvia.

A French Translation of Miss Edgeworth's *Frank, Rosamond, Harry and Lucy*, &c., by Madame L. Belloc, of whom we had occasion to speak in our *Gazette*, as a lady of considerable literary reputation at Paris.

We hear with pleasure that Mr. Sotheby intends to illustrate the new edition of his Translation of the *Iliad*, and forthcoming Translation of the *Odyssey*, with no fewer than seventy-five of Flaxman's admirable designs.

M. Wilhelm Klauer Klattowski is now in Paris; it is said, occupied in collecting materials for an Icelandic and Runic Manual.

Select Illustrations of Hampshire; with Historical and Topographical Descriptions, by G. F. Prosser.

A Series of Portraits of the Principal Characters and Persons described in the Life and Poetical Works of Lord Byron, is announced for publication, from Drawings by D. Lynch.

Maternal Advice, chiefly to Daughters on leaving Home.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Turner's Annual Tour, royal 8vo. 2s. 2s. mor. elegant: India proofs before letters, 4s. 4s.—Marcel's Tales for Young Children, the Seasons, Winter, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Happy Week, or Holidays at Bechwood, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Dover's Frederick, 2d edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bds.—Atkinson on Marketable Tittles, 8vo. 24s. bds.—Shelford on the Law of Lunatics, 8vo. 28s. bds.—Allison's Outlines of Pathology, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Cottager's Monthly Visitor for 1832, Vol. XII. 6s. bds.; 6s. 6d. h.f. bd.—Rev. James Young's Sermons, 2d series, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Slade's Records of Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c. in the years 1829, 30, and 31, 2 vols. 8vo. 16. 11s. 6d. bds.—East India Register and Directory for 1833, 10s. 6d.—Christmas Carols, ancient and modern, cr. 8vo. 12s. cloth.—Fables and Stories of Irish Peasantry, 2d series, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1s. 11s. 6d. bds.—Conventry on the Stamp Laws, Vol. I. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Lodge's New Peerage for 1833, 8vo. 16s. cloth.—Lodge's Genealogy, 8vo. 16s. cloth.—Investigator, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Vale of Light, and Vale of Death, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.—Tales of the Mame, 1st series, St. Kentigern, edited by Hugh Hay, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Mainwaring's Instructive Gleatings, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Lights and Shadows of German Life, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. bds.—Hall's Works, Vol. VI. containing Memoirs by Dr. Gregory and Mr. Foster, 8vo. 16s. bds. cloth.—A Harmony of the Four Gospels, on the Plan of Gresswell's Harmonia Evangelica, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Historical, Geographical, and Pictorial Chart of the Gospel Dispensation, on roller, 3. 13s. 6d.—Pigott's Jochaneia, a Poem, 8vo. 6s. bds.—The Cadeau for 1833, 10s. 6d. bds.; 12s. cloth, gilt.—Fifty-one Original Fables, with eighty-five Designs by R. Cruikshank, 8vo. 12s. cloth; 14s. silk.—The Mother's Story Book, by Mrs. Child, 18mo. 3s. bds.; 3s. 6d. roan.—Dunlap's American Theatre, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. bds.—The Transactions of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, Vol. IV. 8vo. 16s.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 6	From 34. to 47.	29.98 to 30.06
Friday . . . 7	33. . . 43.	30.14 . . 30.24
Saturday . . . 8	32. . . 44.	30.24 . . 30.29
Sunday . . . 9	35. . . 47.	30.30 Stationary
Monday . . . 10	34. . . 48.	30.29 . . 30.34
Tuesday . . . 11	30. . . 48.	30.27 . . 30.35
Wednesday 12	35. . . 47.	30.35 . . 30.39

Prevailing wind, S.W.  
Except the 11th, cloudy; mizzling rain at times on the 6th and 10th.

Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude . . . . . 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude . . . . . 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

✉ To L. R. H. we must reply, that whether we consider lines "altogether unworthy of a place" in our *Gazette* or not, there may be sufficient cause for declining their insertion; which, between the writers and us, is tantamount to the same end.

We have glanced over the *Laurel*, which is sufficiently bitter and personal; so much so, that we must take time to consider it.

Slade's Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c. reached us too late for review this week: we like the part we have dipped into much, as the narrative seems to be light and amusing.

We are still obliged to postpone several reviews.

Erratum in our last.—Page 772, col. 2, last line but one, for *Vernon* read *Vermont*.



## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## THE ABBOTSFORD SUBSCRIPTION.

The support and assistance given by the late Sir Walter Scott, in 1825, to his booksellers, involved him in the ruin which fell upon their establishment, to an extent alike unexpected and unprepared for, but which ultimately proved not less than 120,000*l.* Ruinous as this demand must have been, it is yet obvious, that after surrendering to its payment the whole of his property, he might have secured to himself and his family the fruit of his subsequent exertions, and realised from his later works not less than 70,000*l.* The whole of this sum, with whatever more a lengthened life might have enabled him to obtain, he, with manly and conscientious feeling, appropriated to the benefit of his creditors. In thus devoting his talents to the acquisition of obligations not originally, though legally his own, he laboured with a degree of assiduity, and an intensity of anxiety, which shortened his existence by overstrained intellectual exertion. He lived not indeed to complete the task; but what he had secured, when added to the property and copyrights previously destined for the support of his family, enabled them, by incurring deep personal responsibility, to satisfy nearly the whole amount of these debts, for which their father had been rendered liable. This has been done, and the sacrifice complete, but Abbotsford can no longer be the home of his children. Such were the stainless and irreproachable principles of that mind, whose intellectual power was only equalled by its moral worth; and from this plain statement, those who have long and justly appreciated the writings of Scott, may learn to love and venerate his virtues. It is thought that no memorial can be so appropriate to his name as the permanent maintenance of the house which his residence has rendered classical, and the preservation of a library and collection of national antiquities, which his English taste selected, and which his genius made available to works that are now the pride and boast of the nation. The English literature through every civilised region of the earth. Is it then too much to expect, from a nation so justly proud of its fame, that in requital for so many hours of pleasure derived from his writings, they will be eager to subscribe to a tribute of gratitude alike honourable to the giver and the receiver; to show, that in a country like this, literature has also her grantees, and genius its Bionelmis, and that the glory and cultivated people on the children of him whose life was shortened by his integrity, and whose name is immortalised by his works?

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